

THE
C H A C E.
A
P O E M.

B Y
William Somerville, Esq;

Nec tibi cura canum fuerit postrema.

VIRG. Georg. III.

*Romanis solenne viris opus, utile famæ,
Vitæque, & membris.*

HOR. Ep. xviii. Lib. i.

The THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N,

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T H E P R E F A C E.

THE Old and Infirm have at least this Privilege, that they can recall to their Minds those Scenes of Joy in which they once delighted, and ruminate over their past Pleasures, with a Satisfaction almost equal to the first Enjoyment. For those Ideas, to which any agreeable Sensation is annex'd, are easily excited; as leaving behind them the most strong and permanent Impressions. The Amusements of our Youth are the Boast and Comfort of our declining Years. The Ancients carried this Notion even yet further, and supposed their Heroes in the Elysian Fields were fond of the very same Diversions they exercised on Earth. Death it self could not wean them from the accustom'd Sports and Gayeties of life.

THE PREFACE.

Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæstris,
Contendunt ludo, & fulvâ luctantur arenâ :
Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, & carmina dicunt.
Arma procul currusque virûm miratur inanes.
Stant terrâ defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti
Per campos pascuntur equi. Quæ gratia currûm
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repôstos.

VIRG. Æneid. vi.

Part on the grassy Cirque their pliant Limbs
In Wrestling exercise, or on the Sands
Struggling dispute the Prize. Part lead the Ring,
Or swell the Chorus with alternate Lays.
The Chief their Arms admires, their empty Cars,
Their Lances fix'd in Earth. Th' unarness'd
Steeds
Graze unrestrain'd ; Horses, and Cars, and Arms,
All the same fond Desires, and pleasing Cares,
Still haunt their Shades, and after Death survive.

*I hope therefore I may be indulged (even by
the more grave and censorious Part of Man-
kind) if at my leisure Hours, I run over, in
my Elbow-Chair, some of those Chaces, which
were once the Delight of a more vigorous
Age.*

THE PREFACE.

Age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent Amusement. The Result of these rambling Imaginations will be found in the following Poem; which if equally diverting to my Readers, as to my self, I shall have gain'd my End. I have intermix'd the preceptive Parts with so many Descriptions and Digressions in the Georgick Manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am sure they are very necessary to be well understood by any Gentleman, who would enjoy this noble Sport in full Perfection. In this at least I may comfort my self, that I cannot trespass upon their Patience more than Markham, Blome, and the other Prose Writers upon this Subject.

IT is most certain, that Hunting was the Exercise of the greatest Heroes in Antiquity. By this they form'd themselves for War; and their Exploits against Wild Beasts were a Prelude to their future Victories. Xenophon says, that almost all the ancient Heroes, Nestor, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, Ulysses, Diomedes, Achilles, &c. were Θῆται Κυνηγεῖσι, Disciples of Hunting; being

THE PREFACE.

taught carefully that Art, as what would be highly serviceable to them in military Discipline. Xen. Cynegetic. And Pliny observes, those who were design'd for great Captains, were first taught certare cum fugacibus feris cursu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis astu: to contest with the swiftest Wild Beasts, in Speed; with the boldest, in Strength; with the most cunning, in Craft and Subtilty. Plin. Panegyr. And the Roman Emperors, in those Monuments they erected to transmit their Actions to future Ages, made no scruple to join the Glories of the Chace to their most celebrated Triumphs. Neither were their Poets wanting to do Justice to this heroick Exercise. Beside that of Oppian in Greek, we have several Poems in Latin upon Hunting. Gratius was Contemporary with Ovid; as appears by this Verse,

Aptaque venanti Gratius arma dabit.

LIB. IV. PONT.

Gratius shall arm the Huntsman for the Chace.

But of his Works only some Fragments remain.

THE PREFACE.

main. There are many others of more modern Date. Amongst these Nemesianus, who seems very much superior to Gratius, tho' of a more degenerate Age. But only a Fragment of his first Book is preserv'd. We might indeed have expected to have seen it treated more at large by Virgil in his third Georgick, since it is expressly Part of his Subject. But he has favoured us only with ten Verses; and what he says of Dogs, relates wholly to Grey-hounds and Mastiffs.

Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Molossum.

GEOR. III.

The Greyhound swift, and Mastiff's furious Breed.

And he directs us to feed them with Butter-Milk. Pasce Sero pingui. He has, it is true, touch'd upon the Chace in the 4th and 7th Books of the Æneid. But it is evident, that the Art of Hunting is very different now, from what it was in his Days, and very much alter'd and improv'd in these latter Ages. It does not appear to me that the Ancients had any Notion of pursuing Wild Beasts by the Scent only, with a regular and

THE PREFACE.

well-disciplin'd Pack of Hounds; and therefore they must have pass'd for Poachers amongst our modern Sportsmen. The Muster Roll given us by Ovid, in his Story of Actæon is of all Sorts of Dogs, and of all Countries. And the Description of the ancient Hunting, as we find it in the Antiquities of Pere de Montfaucon taken from the Sepulchre of the Nasos, and the Arch of Constantine, has not the least Trace of the Manner now in Use.

WHENEVER the Ancients mention Dogs followed by the Scent, they mean no more than finding out the Game by the Nose of one single Dog. This was as much as they knew of the Odora canum vis. Thus Nemesianus says,

Odorato noscunt vestigia prato,
Atque etiam leporum secreta cubilia monstrant,
They challenge on the Mead the recent Stains,
And trail the Hare unto her secret Form.

Oppian has a long Description of these Dogs in his first Book from Ver. 479 to 526. And here,

THE PREFACE.

here, tho' he seems to describe the Hunting of the Hare by the Scent thro' many Turnings and Windings; yet he really says no more, than that one of those Hounds, which he calls *ixyeūñges*, finds out the Game. For he follows the Scent no further than the Hare's Form; from whence, after he has started her, he pursues her by Sight. I am indebted for these two last Remarks to a reverend and very learned Gentleman, whose Judgment in the Belles Lettres no Body disputes, and whose Approbation gave me the Assurance to publish this Poem.

OPPIAN also observes, that the best Sort of these Finders were brought from Britain; this Island having always been famous (as it is at this Day) for the best Breed of Hounds, for Persons the best skill'd in the Art of Hunting, and for Horses the most enduring to follow the Chace. It is therefore strange that none of our Poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this Subject; which is without doubt very noble in itself, and very well adapted to receive the most beautiful Turns of Poetry. Perhaps our Poets

THE PREFACE.

Poets have no great Genius for Hunting. Yet I hope, my Brethren of the Couples, by encouraging this first, but imperfect, Essay, will shew the World they have at least some Taste for Poetry.

THE Ancients esteem'd Hunting, not only as a manly and warlike Exercise, but as highly conducive to Health. The famous Galen recommends it above all others, as not only exercising the Body, but giving Delight and Entertainment to the Mind. And he calls the Inventors of this Art wise Men, and well skill'd in human Nature. Lib. de parvæ pilæ Exercitio.

THE Gentlemen, who are fond of a Gingle at the Close of every Verse, and think no Poem truly musical but what is in Rhime, will here find themselves disappointed. If they will be pleased to read over the short Preface before the Paradise Lost, Mr. Smith's Poem in Memory of his Friend Mr. John Philips, and the Archbishop of Cambray's Letter to Monsieur Fontenelle, they may probably be of another Opinion.

For

THE PREFACE.

For my own Part, I shall not be ashame'd
to follow the Example of Milton, Philips,
Thomfon, and all our best tragick Wri-
ters.

SOME few Terms of Art are dispers'd
here and there; but such only as are ab-
solutely requisite to explain my Subject. I
hope in this the Criticks will excuse me;
for I am bumbly of Opinion, that the Af-
fection, and not the necessary Use, is the
proper Object of their Censure.

BUT I have done. I know the Impa-
tience of my Brethren, when a fine Day,
and the Consort of the Kennel, invite them
abroad. I shall therefore leave my Reader
to such Diversions, as he may find in the
Poem it self.

En age, Segnes,
Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equo-
rum;
Et vox affensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

VIRG. GEORG. III.

Hark,

THE PREFACE.

Hark, away,
Cast far behind the lingring Cares of Life.
Cithæron calls aloud, and in full Cry
Thy Hounds, *Taygetus*. *Epidaurus* trains
For us the gen'rous Steed; the Hunter's Shouts,
And clearing Cries, assenting Woods return.

T O

T O
WILLIAM SOMERVILE, Esq;
On his POEM call'd
The C H A C E.

WHILE you, Sir, gain the Steep Ascent to
Fame,
And Honours due to deathless Merit claim ;
To a weak Muse a kind Indulgence lend,
Fond with just Praise your Labours to commend,
And tell the World, that Somerville's her Friend.
Her Incense guiltless of the Forms of Art
Breaths all the Huntsman's Honesty of Heart ;
Whose Fancy still the pleasing Scene retains
Of Edric's Villa, and Ardenna's Plains :

Joys,

*Joys, which from Change superiour Charms receiv'd,
The Horn hoarse sounding by the Lyre reliev'd:
When the Day crown'd with rural chaste Delight,
Reigns obsequious to the festive Night;
The festive Night awakes th' harmonious Lay,
And in sweet Verse recounts the Triumphs of the Day.*

*Strange! that the British Muse should leave so long,
The Chace, the Sport of Britain's Kings, unsung!
Distinguis'd Land! by Heav'n indulg'd to breed
The stout, sagacious Hound, and gen'rous Steed;
In vain! while yet no Bard adorn'd our Isle,
To celebrate the glorious sylvan Toil.
For this what darling Son shall feel thy Fire,
God of th' unerring Bow, and tuneful Lyre?
Our Vows are heard—Attend, ye vocal Throng,
Somerville meditates th' advent'rous Song.*

Bold

*Bold to attempt, and happy to excell,
His num'rous Verse the Huntsman's Art shall tell.
From him, ye British Youths, a vig'rous Race,
Imbibe the various Science of the Chace;
And while the well-plan'd System you admire,
Know BRUNSWICK only could the Work inspire:
A Georgic Muse awaits AUGUSTAN Days,
And Somerviles will sing, when FREDERICS give
the Bays.*

JOHN NIXON.

TO

TO THE
AUTHOR
OF
The CHACE.

ONCE more, my Friend, I touch the trem-
bling Lyre,
And in my Bosom feel poetick Fire.
For thee I quit the Law's more rugged Ways,
To pay my humble Tribute to thy Lays.
What, tho' I daily turn each learned Sage,
And labour thro' the unenlighten'd Page:
Wak'd by thy Lines, the borrow'd Flames I feel,
As Flints give Fire when aided by the Steel.

Tho'

*Tho' in sulphureous Clouds of Smoak confin'd,
Thy rural Scenes spring fresh into my Mind.
Thy Genius in such Colours paints the Chace,
The real to fictitious Joys give Place.*

*When the wild Musick charms my ravish'd Ear,
How dull, how tasteless Handel's Notes appear !
Ev'n Farenelli's Self the Palm resigns,
He yields —— but to the Musick of thy Lines.*

*If Friends to Poetry can yet be found ;
Who without blushing Sense prefer to Sound ;
Then let this soft, this Soul-enfeebling Band,
These warbling Minstrels quit the beggar'd Land.*

*They but a momentary Joy impart,
'Tis you, who touch the Soul, and warm the Heart.
How tempting do thy sylvan Sports appear !
Ev'n wild Ambition might vouchsafe an Ear,*

*Might her fond Lust of Pow'r a while compose,
And gladly change it for thy sweet Repose.*

Tho'

B

No

No fierce, unruly Senates, threaten here,
No Axe, no Scaffold, to the View appear,
No Envy, Disappointment, and Despair.

Here, blest Vicissitude! whene'er you please,
You step from Exercise to learned Ease;
Turn o'er each Clasick Page, each Beauty trace,
The Mind unwearied in the pleasing Chace.

Oh! would kind Heav'n such Happiness bestow,
Let Fools, let Knaves, be Masters here below.
Grandeur and Place, those Baits to catch the Wise,
And all their pageant Train, I pity and despise.

J. TRACY.

T H E

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THE
CHACE.

ise,
ACY.
THE

A
POEM.

The ARGUMENT of the first Book.

THE Subject proposed. Address to his Royal Highness the Prince. The Origin of Hunting. The rude and unpolish'd Manner of the first Hunters. Beasts at first hunted for Food and Sacrifice. The Grant made by God to Man of the Beasts, &c. The regular Manner of Hunting first brought into this Island by the Normans. The best Hounds and best Horses bred here. The Advantage of this Exercise to us, as Islanders. Address to Gentlemen of Estates. Situation of the Kennel and its several Courts. The Diversion and Employment of Hounds in the Kennel. The different Sorts of Hounds for each different Chace. Description of a perfect Hound. Of sizing and sorting of Hounds, the middle-sized Hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouth'd Hound for hunting the Stag and Otter. Of the Lime Hound; their Use on the Borders of England and Scotland. A Physical Account of Scents. Of good and bad scenting Days. A short Admonition to my Brethren of the Couples.

THE

T H E

C H A C E.

A

P O E M.

TH E Chace I sing, Hounds, and their vari-
ous Breed,

And no less various Use. O thou Great Prince !

Whom *Cambria's* tow'ring Hills proclaim their
Lord,

Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive Song.

While grateful Citizens with pompous Shew, 5

Rear the triumphal Arch, rich with th' Exploits
Of thy illustrious House; while Virgins pave
Thy Way with Flow'rs, and, as the Royal Youth
Passing they view, admire, and sigh in vain;
While crowded Theatres, too fondly proud 10
Of their exotick Minstrels, and shrill Pipes,
The Price of Manhood, hail thee with a Song,
And Airs soft-warbling; my hoarse-sounding Horn
Invites thee to the Chace, the Sport of Kings;
Image of War, without its Guilt. The Muse 15
Aloft on Wing shall soar, conduct with Care
Thy foaming Courser o'er the steepy Rock,
Or on the River Bank receive thee safe,
Light-bounding o'er the Wave, from Shore to Shore.
Be thou our great Protector, gracious Youth! 20
And if in future Times, some envious Prince,
Careless of Right and guileful, shou'd invade
Thy *Britain's* Commerce, or shou'd strive in vain

To

BOOK I. THE CHACE.

3

To wrest the Balance from thy equal Hand;
Thy Hunter-Train, in chearful Green array'd, 25
(A Band undaunted, and inur'd to Toils,)
Shall compass thee around, dye at thy Feet,
Or hew thy Passage thro' th' embattled Foe,
And clear thy Way to Fame; inspir'd by thee
The nobler Chace of Glory shall pursue 30
Thro' Fire, and Smoke, and Blood, and Fields of
Death.

NATURE, in her Productions slow, aspires
By just Degrees to reach Perfection's Height:
So mimick Art works leisurely, 'till Time
Improve the Piece, or wise Experience give 35
The proper Finishing. When *Nimrod* bold,
That mighty Hunter, first made War on Beasts,
And stain'd the Wood-land Green with purple Dye,
New, and unpolish'd was the Huntsman's Art;

No stated Rule, his wanton Will his Guide. 40

With Clubs and Stones, rude Implements of War,

He arm'd his savage Bands, a Multitude

Untrain'd; of twining Osiers form'd, they pitch

Their artless Toiles, then range the desert Hills,

And scow'r the Plains below; the trembling Herd 45

Start at th'unusual Sound, and clam'rous Shout

Unhear'd before; surpriz'd alass! to find

Man now their Foe, whom erst they deem'd their

Lord,

But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet

Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the Plain 50

Wide-wasting, and grim Slaughter red with Blood:

Urg'd on by Hunger keen, they wound, they kill,

Their Rage licentious knows no bound; at last

Incumber'd with their Spoils, joyful they bear

Upon their Shoulders broad, the bleeding Prey. 55

Part on their Altars smokes a Sacrifice

To that all-gracious Pow'r, whose bounteous Hand
 Supports his wide Creation; what remains
 On living Coals they broil, inelegant
 Of Taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer Arts 60
 Of pamper'd Luxury. Devotion pure,
 And strong Necessity, thus first began
 The Chace of Beasts: Tho' bloody was the Deed,
 Yet without Guilt. For the green Herb alone
 Unequal to sustain Man's lab'ring Race, 65
 * Now ev'ry moving Thing that liv'd on Earth
 Was granted him for Food. So just is Heav'n,
 To give us in Proportion to our Wants.

OR Chance or Industry in After-Times

Some few Improvements made, but short as yet 70
 Of due Perfection. In this Isle remote
 Our painted Ancestors were slow to learn,

* Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

To Arms devote, of the politer Arts
Nor skill'd nor studious; 'till from *Neustria's* Coasts
Victorious *William*, to more decent Rules 75
Subdu'd our *Saxon* Fathers, taught to speak
The proper Dialect, with Horn and Voice
To chear the busy Hound, whose well-known Cry
His lift'ning Peers approve with joint Acclaim.
From him successive Huntsmen learn'd to join 80
In bloody social Leagues, the Multitude
Dispers'd, to size, to sort their various Tribes,
To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the Pack.

HAIL, happy *Britain!* highly favour'd Isle,
And Heav'n's peculiar Care! To thee 'tis giv'n 85
To train the sprightly Steed, more fleet than those
Begot by Winds, or the celestial Breed
That bore the great *Pelides* thro' the Press
Of Heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded Ranks;

Which

BOOK I. THE CHACE. 7

Which proudly neighing, with the Sun begins 90

Chearful his Course; and e'er his Beams decline,

Has measur'd half thy Surface unfatigued.

In thee alone, fair Land of Liberty!

Is bred the perfect Hound, in Scent and Speed

As yet unrivall'd, while in other Climes 95

Their Virtue fails, a weak degen'rate Race.

In vain malignant Steams, and Winter Fogs

Load the dull Air, and hover round our Coasts,

The Huntsman ever gay, robust, and bold,

Defies the noxious Vapour, and confides 100

In this delightful Exercise, to raise

His drooping Herd, and cheer his Heart with Joy.

YE vig'rous Youths, by smiling Fortune blest

With large Demesnes, hereditary Wealth,

Heap'd copious by your wife Fore-Fathers Care, 105

Hear and attend! while I the Means reveal

T'enjoy

T'enjoy those Pleasures, for the Weak too strong,
Too costly for the Poor: To rein the Steed
Swift-stretching o'er the Plain, to chear the Pack
Op'ning in Conforts of harmonious Joy, 110
But breathing Death. What tho' the Gripe severe
Of brazen-fisted Time, and slow Disease
Creeping thro' ev'ry Vein, and Nerve unstrung,
Afflict my shatter'd Frame, undaunted still,
Fix'd as a Mountain Ash, that braves the Bolts 115
Of angry *Jove*; tho' blasted, yet unfallen;
Still can my Soul in Fancy's Mirrour view
Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous Scene
In all its Splendors deck'd, o'er the full Bowl
Recount my Triumphs past, urge others on 120
With Hand and Voice, and point the winding Way:
Pleas'd with that social sweet Garrulity,
The poor disbanded Vet'ran's sole Delight.

FIRST let the Kennel be the Huntsman's Care,
Upon some little Eminence erect, 125
And fronting to the ruddy Dawn; its Courts
On either Hand wide op'ning to receive
The Sun's all-clearing Beams, when mild he shines,
And gilds the Mountain Tops. For much the Pack
(Rous'd from their dark Alcoves) delight to stretch,
And bask, in his invigorating Ray: 131
Warn'd by the streaming Light, and merry Lark,
Forth rush the jolly Clan; with tuneful Throats
They carol loud, and in grand Chorus join'd
Salute the new-born Day. For not alone 135
The vegetable World, but Men and Brutes
Own his reviving Influence, and joy
At his Approach. Fountain of Light! if Chance
Some envious Cloud veil thy resplendent Brow,
In vain the Muses aid, untouch'd, unstrung, 140

Lies

Lies my mute Harp, and thy desponding Bard
Sits darkly musing o'er th' unfinish'd Lay.

LET no *Corinthian* Pillars prop the Dome,
A vain Expence, on charitable Deeds
Better dispos'd, to cloath the tatter'd Wretch, 145
Who shrinks beneath the Blast, to feed the Poor
Pinch'd with afflictive Want: For Use, not State,
Gracefully plain, let each Apartment rise.
O'er all let Cleanlinese preside, no Scraps
Besprew the Pavement, and no half-pick'd Bones, 150
To kindle fierce Debate, or to disgust
That nicer Sense, on which the Sportsman's Hope,
And all his future Triumphs must depend.
Soon as the growling Pack with eager Joy
Have lapp'd their smoking Viands, Morn or Eve, 155
From the full Cistern lead the ductile Streams,
To wash thy Court well-pav'd, nor spare thy Pains,

For

I.

BOOK I. THE CHACE.

11

For much to Health will Cleanliness avail.

Seek'st thou for Hounds to climb the rocky Steep,
And brush th'entangled Covert, whose nice Scent 160
O'er greasy Fallows, and frequented Roads
Can pick the dubious Way? Banish far off
Each noisome Stench, let no offensive Smell
Invade thy wide Inclosure, but admit
The nitrous Air, and purifying Breeze. 165

WATER and Shade no less demand thy Care:
In a large Square th'adjacent Field inclose,
There plant in equal Ranks the spreading Elm,
Or fragrant Lime; most happy thy Design,
If at the Bottom of thy spacious Court, 170
A large Canal fed by the crystal Brook,
From its transparent Bosom shall reflect
Thy downward Structure and inverted Grove.
Here when the Sun's too potent Gleams annoy

The

The crowded Kennel, and the drooping Pack 175

Restless and faint, loll their unmoisten'd Tongues,

And drop their feeble Tails; to cooler Shades

Lead forth the panting Tribe; soon shalt thou find

The cordial Breeze their fainting Hearts revive:

Tumultuous soon they plunge into the Stream, 180

There lave their reeking Sides, with greedy Joy

Gulp down the flying Wave, this Way and that

From Shore to Shore they swim, while Clamour

Icud

And wild Uproar torments the troubled Flood :

Then on the sunny Bank they roll and stretch 185

Their dripping Limbs, or else in wanton Rings

Coursing around, pursuing and pursu'd,

The merry Multitude disporting play.

BUT here with watchful and observant Eye,

Attend their Frolics, which too often end 190

BOOK I. THE CHACE.

13

In bloody Broils and Death. High o'er thy Head
Wave thy resounding Whip, and with a Voice
Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the stern Debate,
And quench their kindling Rage; for oft in Sport
Begin, Combat ensues, growling they snarl, 195
Then on their Haunches rear'd, rampant they seize
Each others Throats, with Teeth, and Claws, in

Gore

'Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, 'till on the
Ground,

Panting, half dead the conquer'd Champion lies:

Then sudden all the base ignoble Crowd 200

Loud-clam'ring seize the helpless worried Wretch,

And thirsting for his Blood, drag diff'rent Ways

His mangled Carcass on th'ensanguin'd Plain.

O Breasts of Pity void! t'oppress the Weak,

To point your Vengeance at the friendless Head, 205

And with one mutual Cry insult the Fall'n!

Emblem too just of Man's degen'rate Race.

OTHERS apart by native Instinct led,
Knowing Instructor! 'mong the ranker Grafts
Cull each salubrious Plant, with bitter Juice 210
Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay
Each vicious Ferment. Thus the Hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
To all his Creatures, for the Brutes prescribes
A ready Remedy, and is himself 215
Their great Physician. Now grown stiff with Age,
And many a painful Chace, the wise old Hound
Regardless of the frolick Pack, attends
His Master's Side, or slumbers at his Ease
Beneath the bending Shade; there many a Ring 220
Runs o're in Dreams; now on the doubtful Foil
Puzzles perplex'd, or Doubles intricate

Cautious

I.

BOOK I. THE CHACE. 15

Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his Speed,
Bounds o'er the Lawn to seize his panting Prey:
And in imperfect Whimp'rings speaks his Joy. 225

A diff'rent Hound for ev'ry diff'rent Chace
Select with Judgment; nor the tim'rous Hare
O'er-match'd destroy, but leave that vile Offence
To the mean, murd'rous, coursing Crew; intent
On Blood and Spoil. O blast their Hopes, just
Heav'n! 230

And all their painful Drudgeries repay
With Disappointment and severe Remorse.
But husband thou thy Pleasures, and give Scope
To all her subtle Play: By Nature led
A thousand Shifts she tries; t'unravel these 235
Th' industrious Beagle twists his waving Tail.
Thro' all her Labyrinths pursues, and rings

Her doleful Knell. See there with Count'rance
blith,

And with a courtly grin, the fawning Hound
Salutes thee cow'ring, his wide op'ning Nose 240
Upward he curls, and his large Sloe-black Eyes
Melt in soft Blandishments, and humble Joy;
His glossy Skin, or Yellow-pied, or Blue,
In Lights or Shades by Nature's Pencil drawn,
Reflects the various Tints; his Ears and Legs 245
Fleckt here and there, in gay enamel'd Pride,
Rival the speckled Pard; his Rush-grown Tail
O'er his broad Back bends in an ample Arch;
On Shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands;
His round Cat Foot, strait Hams, and wide-spread
Thighs, 250

And his low-dropping Chest, confess his Speed,
His Strength, his Wind, or on the steepy Hill,
Or far extended Plain; in ev'ry Part

So well proportion'd, that the nicer Skill
Of *Phidias* himself can't blame thy Choice. 255

Of such compose thy Pack. But here a Mean
Observe, nor the large Hound prefer, of Size
Gigantick; he in the thick-woven Covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny Brake

Torn and embarrass'd bleeds: But if too small, 260

The pigmy Brood in ev'ry Furrow swims;

Moil'd in the clogging Clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious; or else shivering creep

Benumb'd and faint beneath the shelt'ring Thorn.

For Hounds of middle Size, active and strong,

Will better answer all thy various Ends,

And crown thy pleasing Labours with Success.

As some brave Captain, curious and exact,

By his fix'd Standard forms in equal Ranks

His gay Battalion, as one Man they move 270

Step after Step, their Size the same, their Arms
Far-gleaming, dart the same united Blaze:
Reviewing Generals his Merit own ;
How regular ! How just ! And all his Cares
Are well repaid, if mighty GEORGE approve. 275
So model thou thy Pack, if Honour touch
Thy gen'rous Soul, and the World's just Applause.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy Hounds
Of diff'rent Kinds ; discordant Sounds shall grate
Thy Ears offended, and a lagging Line 280
Of babbling Curs disgrace thy broken Pack.
But if th'amphibious Otter be thy Chace,
Or stately Stag, that o'er the Woodland reigns ;
Or if th' harmonious Thunder of the Field
Delight thy ravish'd Ears ; the deep-flew'd Hound
Breed up with Care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure ;
Whose Ears down-hanging from his thick round
Head

Shall

I.
BOOK I. THE CHACE.

19

Shall sweep the Morning Dew, whose clanging
Voice

Awake the Mountain Echo in her Cell,

And shake the Forests: The bold Talbot Kind 290

Of these the Prime, as white as *Alpine* Snows;

And great their Use of old. Upon the Banks

Of *Tweed*, flow-winding thro' the Vale, the Seat

Of War and Rapine once, e'er *Britons* knew

The Sweets of Peace, or *Anna's* dread Com-
mands 295

To lasting Leagues the haughty Rivals aw'd,

There dwelt a pilf'ring Race; well-train'd and
skill'd

In all the Mysteries of Theft, the Spoil

Their only Substance, Feuds and War their Sport:

Not more expert in ev'ry fraudfull Art 300

Th' Arch * Felon was of old, who by the Tail

* Cacus Virg. *Aen.* Lib. VIII.

Drew back his lowing Prize: In vain his Wiles,
In vain the Shelter of the cov'ring Rock,
In vain the sooty Cloud, and ruddy Flames
That iss'd from his Mouth; for soon he paid 305
His forfeit Life: A Debt how justly due
To wrong'd *Alcides*, and avenging Heav'n!
Veil'd in the Shades of Night they ford the Stream,
Then proling far and near, whate'er they seize
Becomes their Prey; nor Flocks nor Herds are
safe,

310

Nor Stalis protect the Steer, nor strong barr'd Doors
Secure the fav'rite Horse. Soon as the Morn
Reveals his Wrongs, with ghastly Visage wan
The plunder'd Owner stands, and from his Lips
A thousand thronging Curses burst their Way: 315
He calls his stout Allies, and in a Line
His faithful Hound he leads, then with a Voice
That utters loud his Rage, attentive chears:

Soon

BOOK I. THE CHACE.

21

Soon the sagacious Brute, his curling Tail
Flourish'd in Air, low-bending plies around 320
His busy Nose, the steaming Vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one Turf untried,
'Till conscious of the recent Stains, his Heart
Beats quick; his snuffling Nose, his active Tail
Attest his Joy; then with deep op'ning Mouth 325
That makes the Welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th'audacious Felon; Foot by Foot he marks
His winding Way, while all the list'ning Crowd
Applaud his Reaf'nings. O'er the wat'ry Ford,
Dry sandy Heaths, and stony barren Hills, 330
O'er beaten Paths, with Men and Beasts distain'd,
Unerring he pursues; till at the Cot
Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty Throat
The Caitif vile, redeems the captive Prey:
So exquisitely delicate his Sense! 335

SHOU'D

SHOU'D some more curious Sportsman here en-
quire,

Whence this Sagacity, this wond'rous Pow'r
Of tracing Step by Step, or Man or Brute?

What Guide invisible points out their Way,
O'er the dank Marsh, bleak Hill, and sandy Plain?
The courteous Muse shall the dark Cause reveal.

The Blood that from the Heart incessant rolls
In many a crimson Tide, then here and there
In smaller Rills disparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the serous Particles evade

345

Thro' th' open Pores, and with the ambient Air
Entangling mix. As fuming Vapours rise,
And hang upon the gently purling Brook,
There by th' incumbent Atmosphere compres'd.

The panting Chace grows warmer as he flies, 350
And thro' the Net-work of the Skin perspires;

Leaves

Leaves a long-streaming Trail behind, which by
 The cooler Air condens'd, remains, unless
 By some rude Storm dispers'd, or rarified
 By the Meridian's Sun's intenser Heat. 355

To ev'ry Shrub the warm Effluvia cling,
 Hang on the Grafs, impregnate Earth and Skies.
 With Nostrils op'ning wide, o'er Hill, o'er Dale,
 The vig'rous Hounds pursue, with ev'ry Breath
 Inhale the grateful Steam, quick Pleasures sting 360
 Their tingling Nerves, while they their Thanks
 repay,

And in triumphant Melody confess
 The titillating Joy. Thus on the Air
 Depend the Hunter's Hopes. When ruddy Streaks
 At Eve forebode a blust'ring stormy Day,
 Or low'ring Clouds blacken the Mountain's Brow,
 When nipping Frosts, and the keen biting Blasts
 Of the dry parching East, menace the Trees

With

With tender Blossoms teeming, kindly spare
Thy sleeping Pack, in their warm Beds of Straw 370
Low-sinking at their Ease; listless they shrink
Into some dark Recess, nor hear thy Voice
Tho' oft invok'd; or haply if thy Call
Rouze up the slumb'ring Tribe, with heavy Eyes
Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their
Tails

375

Inverted; high on their bent Backs erect
Their pointed Bristles stare, or 'mong the Tufts
Of ranker Weeds, each Stomach-healing Plant
Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.

These inauspicious Days, on other Cares

380

Employ thy precious Hours; th'improving Friend
With open Arms embrace, and from his Lips
Glean Science, season'd with good-natur'd Wit.

But if th'inclement Skies, and angry Jove
Forbid the pleasing Intercourse, thy Books

385

Invite

70
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eir
75
80
d
85
vite

Invite thy ready Hand, each sacred Page
Rich with the wise Remarks of Heroes old.
Converse familiar with th' illustrious Dead;
With great Examples of old *Greece* or *Rome*
Enlarge thy free-born Heart, and bles^s kind Heav'n,
That *Britain* yet enjoys dear Liberty,
That Balm of Life, that sweetest Blessing, cheap
Tho' purchas'd with our Blood. Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy Calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookless fauntring Youth, proud of the Skut 395
That dignifies his Cap, his flourish'd Belt,
And rusty Couples gingling by his Side.
Be thou of other Mold; and know that such
Transporting Pleasures, were by Heav'n ordain'd
Wisdom's Relief, and Virtue's great Reward. 400

Bo

The ARGUMENT of the Second Book.

OF the Power of Instinct in Brutes. Two remarkable Instances in the Hunting of the Roe-buck, and in the Hare going to Seat in the Morning. Of the Variety of Seats or Forms of the Hare, according to the Change of the Season, Weather or Wind. Description of the Hare-hunting in all its Parts, interspers'd with Rules to be observ'd by those who follow that Chace. Transition to the Asiatick Way of Hunting, particularly the magnificent Manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian Princes, taken from Monsieur Bernier, and the History of Gengiskan the Great. Concludes with a short Reproof of Tyrants and Oppressors of Mankind.

BOOK

BOOK the Second.

NOR will it less delight th' attentive Sage
T'observe that Instinct, which unerring
guides

The brutal Race, which mimicks Reason's Lore
And oft transcends: Heav'n-taught the Roe-buck
swift

Loiters at Ease before the driving Pack, 5

And mocks their vain Pursuit, nor far he flies
But checks his Ardour, 'till the steaming Scent
That freshens on the Blade, provokes their Rage.

Urg'd to their Speed, his weak deluded Foes
Soon flag fatigued; strain'd to Excess each Nerve, 10

Each

Each slacken'd Sinew fails; they pant, they foam;
Then o'er the Lawn he bounds, o'er the high Hills
Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd Crowd
To puzzle in the distant Vale below.

'Tis Instinct that directs the jealous Hare 15
To chuse her soft Abode: With Step revers'd
She forms the doubling Maze; then, e'er the Morn
Peeps thro' the Clouds, leaps to her close Recess.

As wand'ring Shepherds on th' *Arabian* Plains
No settled Residence observe, but shift 20
Their moving Camp, now, on some cooler Hill
With Cedars crown'd, court the refreshing Breeze;
And then, below, where trickling Streams distill
From some penurious Source, their Thirst allay,
And feed their fainting Flocks: So the wise Hares 25
Oft quit their Seats, lest some more curious Eye

Shou'd

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BOOK II. THE CHACE. 29

Shou'd mark their Haunts, and by dark treach'rous
Wiles

Plot their Destruction; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous Forage, near the ranker Mead,
Or matted Blade, wary, and close they fit. 30

When Spring shines forth, Season of Love and Joy,
In the moist Marsh, 'mong Beds of Rushes hid,
They cool their boiling Blood: When Summer Suns
Bake the cleft Earth, to thick wide-waving Fields
Of Corn full-grown, they lead their helpless young:

But when autumnal Torrents, and fierce Rains 36

Deluge the Vale, in the dry crumbling Bank
Their Forms they delve, and cautiously avoid
The dripping Covert: Yet when Winter's Cold
Their Limbs benumbs, thither with Speed return'd
In the long Grass they skulk, or shrinking creep 41
Among the wither'd Leaves, thus changing still,
As Fancy prompts them, or as Food invites.

But ev'ry Season carefully observ'd,
Th'inconstant Winds, the fickle Element, 45
The wise experienc'd Huntsman soon may find
His subtle, various Game, nor waste in vain
His tedious Hours, 'till his impatient Hounds
With Disappointment vex'd, each springing Lark
Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the Fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open Lap
Her fragrant Bounties show'rs; the Fields are shorn;
Inwardly smiling, the proud Farmer views
The rising Pyramids that grace his Yard,
And counts his large Increase; his Barns are stor'd, 55
And groaning Staddles bend beneath their Load.
All now is free as Air, and the gay Pack
In the rough bristly Stubbles range unblam'd;
No Widow's Tears o'erflow, no secret Curse
Swells in the Farmer's Breast, which his pale Lips 60

Trembling

Trembling conceal, by his fierce Landlord aw'd :

45 But courteous now he levels ev'ry Fence,

Joins in the common Cry, and hollows loud,

Charm'd with the rattling Thunder of the Field.

Oh bear me, some kind Pow'r invisible! 65

rk To that extended Lawn, where the gay Court

View the swift Racers, stretching to the Goal;

Games more renown'd, and a far nobler Train,

Than proud *Elean* Fields could boast of old.

orn; Oh! were a *Theban* Lyre not wanting here, 70

And *Pindar's* Voice, to do their Merit right!

d, 55 Or to those spacious Plains, where the strain'd Eye

In the wide Prospect lost, beholds at last

d. Sarum's proud Spire, that o'er the Hills ascends,

And pierces through the Clouds. Or to thy Downs, 75

Fair *Cotswold*, where the well-breath'd Beagle

climbs,

With matchless Speed, thy green aspiring Brow,
And leaves the lagging Multitude behind.

HAIL, gentle Dawn! Mild blushing Goddefs, hail!
Rejoic'd I see thy purple Mantle spread 80
O'er half the Skies, Gems pave thy radiant Way,
And orient Pearls from ev'ry Shrub depend.
Farewel, *Cleora*; here deep sunk in Down
Slumber secure, with happy Dreams amus'd,
'Till grateful Steams shall tempt thee to receive 85
Thy early Meal, or thy officious Maids,
The Toilet plac'd, shall urge thee to perform
Th'important Work. Me other Joys invite,
The Horn sonorous calls, the Pack awak'd
Their Mattins chant, nor brook my long Delay. 90
My Courser hears their Voice; see there with Ears
And Tail erect, neighing he paws the Ground;
Fierce Rapture kindles in his red'ning Eyes,

And

BOOK II. THE CHACE.

33

And boils in ev'ry Vein. As captive Boys
Cow'd by the ruling Rod, and haughty Frowns 95
Of Pedagogues severe, from their hard Tasks
If once dismisse'd, no Limits can contain
The Tumult rais'd, within their little Breasts,
But give a Loose to all their frolick Play:
So from their Kennel rush the joyous Pack; 100
A thousand wanton Gayeties expres
Their inward Extasy, their pleasing Sport
Once more indulg'd, and Liberty restor'd.
The rising Sun that o'er th'Horizon peeps,
As many Colours from their glossy Skins 105
Beaming reflects, as paint the various Bow
When *April* Show'r's descend. Delightful Scene!
Where all around is gay, Men, Horses, Dogs,
And in each smiling Countenance appears
Fresh-blooming Health, and universal Joy. 110

And

HUNTSMAN, lead on ! behind the clust'ring Pack
Submiss attend, hear with respect thy Whip
Loud-clanging, and thy harsher Voice obey :
Spare not the straggling Cur, that wildly roves ;
But let thy brisk Assistant on his Back 115
Imprint thy just Resentments ; let each Lash
Bite to the Quick, 'till howling he return
And whining creep amid the trembling Crowd.

HERE on this verdant Spot, where Nature kind,
With double Blessings crowns the Farmer's Hopes ;
Where Flow'r's autumnal Spring, and the rank

Mead

Affords the wand'ring Hares a rich Repast ;
Throw off thy ready Pack. See, where they spread
And range around, and dash the glitt'ring Dew.
If some stanch Hound, with his authentick Voice,

Avow the recent Trail, the justling Tribe
Attend his Call, then with one mutual Cry,
The welcome News confirm, and echoing Hills
Repeat the pleasing Tale. See how they thread
The Brakes, and up yon Furrow drive along! 130
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
Their eager Haste; then o'er the fallow'd Ground
How leisurely they work, and many a Pause
Th'harmonious Confort breaks; 'till more assur'd
With Joy redoubled the low Vallies ring. 135
What artful Labyrinths perplex their Way!
Ah! there she lies; how close! she pants, she doubts
If now she lives; she trembles as she fits,
With Horror seiz'd. The wither'd Grafs that clings
Around her Head, of the same russet Hue 140
Almost deceiv'd my Sight, had not her Eyes
With Life full-beaming her vain Wiles betray'd.
At Distance draw thy Pack, let all be hush'd,

No Clamour loud, no frantick Joy be heard,
Lest the wild Hound run gadding o'er the Plain 145
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding Voice.
Now gently put her off; see how direct
To her known Muse she flies! Here, Huntsman, bring
(But without hurry) all thy jolly Hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop, 150
And seem to plough the Ground! then all at once
With greedy Nostrils snuff the fuming Steam
That glads their flutt'ring Hearts. As Winds let loose
From the dark Caverns of the blust'ring God,
They burst away, and sweep the dewy Lawn. 155
Hope gives them Wings, while she's spur'd on by
Fear.
The Welkin rings, Men, Dogs, Hills, Rocks, and
Woods
In the full Confort join. Now, my brave Youths,
Stripp'd for the Chace, give all your Souls to Joy!

See how their Courfers, than the Mountain Roe 160
More fleet, the verdant Carpet skim, thick Clouds
Snorting they breath, their shining Hoofs scarce
print

The Grafs unbruise'd; with Emulation fir'd
They strain to lead the Field, top the barr'd Gate,
O'er the deep Ditch exulting bound, and brush 165
The thorny-twining Hedge: The Riders bend
O'er their arch'd Necks; with steddy Hands, by
turns

Indulge their Speed, or moderate their Rage.

Where are their Sorrows, Disappointments, Wrongs,
Vexations, Sickness, Cares? All, all are gone, 170
And with the panting Winds lag far behind.

HUNTSMAN! her Gate observe, if in wide Rings
She wheel her mazy Way, in the same Round
Perfisting still, she'll foil the beaten Track.

But

But if she fly, and with the fav'ring Wind 175

Urge her bold Course ; less intricate thy Task :

Push on thy Pack. Like some poor exil'd Wretch

The frightened Chace leaves her late dear Abodes,

O'er Plains remote she stretches far away,

Ah ! never to return ! For greedy Death 180

Hov'ring exults, secure to seize his Prey.

HARK ! from yon Covert, where those tow'ring
Oaks

Above the humble Copse aspiring rife,

What glorious Triumphs burst in ev'ry Gale

Upon our ravish'd Ears ! The Hunters shout, 185

The clanging Horns swell their sweet-winding Notes,

The Pack wide-op'ning load the trembling Air

With various Melody ; from Tree to Tree

The propagated Cry, redoubling bounds,

And winged Zephyrs waft the floating Joy 190

Thro'

Thro' all the Regions near: Afflictive Birch
No more the School-boy dreads, his Prison broke,
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his Master's Call;
The weary Trayeller forgets his Road,
And climbs th' adjacent Hill; the Ploughman leaves
Th' unfinish'd Furrow; nor his bleating Flocks 196
Are now the Shepherd's Joy; Men, Boys, and Girls
Desert th' unpeopled Village; and wild Crowds
Spread o'er the Plain, by the sweet Frenzy feiz'd.
Look, how she pants! and o'er yon op'ning Glade
Slips glancing by; while, at the further End, 201
The puzzling Pack unravel Wile by Wile
Maze within Maze. The Covert's utmost Bound
Slily she skirts; behind them cautious creeps,
And in that very Track, so lately stain'd 205
By all the steaming Crowd, seems to pursue
The Foe she flies. Let Cavillers deny
That Brutes have Reason; sure 'tis something more,

'Tis

'Tis Heav'n directs, and Stratagems inspires,
Beyond the short Extent of human Thought. 210
But hold — I see her from the Covert break;
Sad on yon little Eminence she sits ;
Intent she listens with one Ear erect,
Pond'ring, and doubtful what new Course to take,
And how t'escape the fierce blood-thirsty Crew, 215
That still urge on, and still in Vollies loud,
Insult her Woes, and mock her sore Distress.
As now in louder Peals, the loaded Winds
Bring on the gath'ring Storm, her Fears prevail ;
And o'er the Plain, and o'er the Mountain's Ridge,
Away she flies ; nor Ships with Wind and Tide,
And all their Canvas Wings skud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial Train, your Courage try,
And each clean Courser's Speed. We scour along,
In pleasing Hurry and Confusion tost ;
Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient Pack

BOOK II. THE CHACE.

41

Hang on the Scent unwearied, up they climb,
And ardent we pursue; our lab'ring Steeds
We press, we gore; till once the Summit gain'd,
Painfully panting, there we breath awhile; 230

Then like a foaming Torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the Vale.
Happy the Man, who with unrival'd Speed
Can pass his Fellows, and with Pleasure view
The struggling Pack; how in the rapid Course 235

Alternate they preside, and justling push
To guide the dubious Scent; how giddy Youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiser Age reprov'd;
How niggard of his Strength, the wise old Hound
Hangs in the Rear, 'till some important Point 240

Rouse all his Diligence, or 'till the Chase
Sinking he finds; then to the Head he springs
With Thirst of Glory fir'd, and wins the Prize.
Huntsman, take heed; they stop in full career.

Yon

Yon crowding Flocks, that at a Distance gaze, 245
Have haply foil'd the Turf. See! that old Hound,
How busily he works, but dares not trust
His doubtful Sense; draw yet a wider Ring.
Hark! now again the Chorus fills. As Bells
Sally'd a while at once their Peal renew, 250
And high in Air the tuneful Thunder rolls.
See, how they toss, with animated Rage
Recov'ring all they lost! — That eager Haste
Some doubling Wile foreshews. — Ah! yet once
more
They're check'd, — hold back with Speed — on
either Hand 255
They flourish round — ev'n yet persist — 'Tis
right,
Away they spring; the rustling Stubbles bend
Beneath the driving Storm. Now the poor Chace
Begins to flag, to her last Shifts reduc'd.

BOOK II. THE CHACE.

43

From Brake to Brake she flies, and visits all 260

Her well-known Haunts, where once she rang'd
secure,

With Love and Plenty blest. See! there she goes,

She reels along, and by her Gate betrays

Her inward Weakness. See, how black she looks!

The Sweat that clogs th' obstructed Pores, scarce
leaves 265

A languid Scent. And now in open View

See, see, she flies! each eager Hound exerts

His utmost Speed, and stretches ev'ry Nerve.

How quick she turns! their gaping Jaws eludes,

And yet a Moment lives; 'till round inclos'd 270

By all the greedy Pack, with infant Screams

She yields her Breath, and there reluctant dies.

So when the furious *Bacchanals* affai'd

Threician Orpheus, poor ill-fated Bard!

Loud

Loud was the Cry, Hills, Woods, and *Hebrus'*
Banks,

275

Return'd their clam'rous Rage; distress'd he flies,
Shifting from Place to Place, but flies in vain;
For eager they pursue, 'till panting, faint,
By noisy Multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks,
To the relentless Crowd a bleeding Prey.

280

THE Huntsman now, a deep Incision made,
Shakes out with Hands impure, and dashes down
Her reeking Entrails, and yet quiv'ring Heart.
These claim the Pack, the bloody Perquisite
For all their Toils. Stretch'd on the Ground she

lies,

285

A mangled Coarse; in her dim glaring Eyes
Cold Death exults, and stiffens ev'ry Limb.
Aw'd by the threat'ning Whip, the furious Hounds
Around her Bay; or at their Master's Foot,

Each

Book II. THE CHACE. 45

Each happy Fav'rite courts his kind Applause, 290

With humble Adulation cow'ring low.

All now is Joy. With Cheeks full-blown they
wind.

Her solemn Dirge, while the loud-op'ning Pack

The Concert swell, and Hills and Dales return

The sadly-pleasing Sounds. Thus the poor Hare, 295

A puny, dastard Animal, but vers'd

In subtle Wiles, diverts the youthful Train.

But if thy proud, aspiring Soul disdains

So mean a Prey, delighted with the Pomp,

Magnificence and Grandeur of the Chace; 300

Hear what the Muse from faithful Records sings.

WHY on the Banks of *Gemna*, *Indian Stream*,

Line within Line, rise the Pavilions proud,

Their silken Streamers waving in the Wind?

E

Why

Why neighs the warrior Horse? From Tent to
Tent,

305

Why press in Crowds the buzzing Multitude?
Why shines the polish'd Helm, and pointed Lance,
This Way and that far-beaming o'er the Plain?

Nor *Visapour* nor *Golconda* rebel;

Nor the great Sophy, with his num'rous Host 310

Lays waste the Provinces; nor Glory fires

To rob, and to destroy, beneath the Name

And specious Guise of War. A nobler Cause

Calls *Aurengzebe* to Arms. No Cities sack'd,

No Mother's Tears, no helpless Orphan's Cries, 315

No violated Leagues, with sharp Remorse

Shall sting the conscious Victor: But Mankind

Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on Beasts

He draws his vengeful Sword; on Beasts of Prey

Full-fed with humane Gore. See, see, he comes! 320

Imperial *Debli* op'ning wide her Gates,

Pours

BOOK II. THE CHACE.

47

Pours out her thronging Legions, bright in Arms,
And all the Pomp of War. Before them sound
Clarions and Trumpets, breathing martial Airs,
And bold Defiance. High upon his Throne, 325
Born on the Back of his proud Elephant,
Sits the great Chief of *Tamur's* glorious Race:
Sublime he sits, amid the radiant Blaze
Of Gems and Gold. *Omrahs* about him crowd,
And rein th' *Arabian* Steed, and watch his Nod: 330
And potent *Rajabs*, who themselves preside
O'er Realms of wide Extent; but here submiss
Their Homage pay, alternate Kings and Slaves.
Next these with prying Eunuchs girt around,
The fair Sultanas of his Court; a Troop 335
Of chosen Beauties, but with Care conceal'd
From each intrusive Eye; one Look is Death.
Ah cruel *Eastern* Law! (had Kings a Pow'r
But equal to their wild tyrannick Will)

To rob us of the Sun's all-clearing Ray, 340

Were less severe. The Vulgar close the March,

Slaves and Artificers; and *Dehli* mourns

Her empty and depopulated Streets.

Now at the Camp arriv'd, with stern Review,

Thro' Groves of Spears, from File to File, he darts

His sharp experienc'd Eye; their Order marks, 346

Each in his Station rang'd, exact and firm,

'Till in the boundless Line his Sight is lost.

Not greater Multitudes in Arms appear'd,

On these extended Plains, when *Ammon's Son* 350

With mighty *Porus* in dread Battle join'd,

The Vassal World the Prize. Nor was that Host

More numerous of old, which the great * King

Pour'd out on *Greece* from all th'unpeopled East;

That bridg'd the *Hellefpon*t from Shore to Shore, 355

And drank the Rivers dry. Mean while in Troops

* *Xerxes.*

BOOK II. THE CHACE.

49

The busy Hunter-Train mark out the Ground,
A wide Circumference; full many a League
In Compass round; Woods, Rivers, Hills, and
Plains,

Large Provinces; enough to gratify 360

Ambition's highest Aim, could Reason bound
Man's erring Will. Now fit in close Divan
The mighty Chiefs of this prodigious Host.

He from the Throne high-eminent presides,
Gives out his Mandates proud, Laws of the Chace,
From ancient Records drawn. With Rev'rence low,
And prostrate at his Feet, the Chiefs receive
His irreversible Decrees, from which
To vary, is to die. Then his brave Bands

Each to his Station leads; encamping round, 370

'Till the wide Circle is compleatly form'd.

Where decent Order reigns, what these command,
Those execute with Speed, and punctual Care;

In all the strictest Discipline of War:
As if some watchful Foe, with bold Insult 373
Hung low'ring o'er their Camp. The high Re-
solve,
That flies on Wings, thro' all th'encircling Line,
Each Motion steers, and animates the whole.
So by the Sun's attractive Pow'r controll'd,
The Planets in their Spheres roll round his Orb, 380
On all he shines, and rules the great Machine.

E'ER yet the Morn dispels the fleeting Mists,
The Signal giv'n by the loud Trumpet's Voice,
Now high in Air, th'Imperial Standard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with Gold, and glitt'ring Gems;
And like a Sheet of Fire, thro' the dun Gloom 386
Streaming meteorous. The Soldiers Shouts,
And all the brazen Instruments of War,
With mutual Clamour, and united Din,

Book II. THE CHACE.

51

Fill the large Concave. While from Camp to
Camp,

390

They catch the varied Sounds, floating in Air.

Round all the wide Circumference, Tygers fell

Shrink at the Noise, deep in his gloomy Den

The Lion starts, and Morsels yet unchew'd

Drop from his trembling Jaws. Now all at once 395

Onward they march embattled, to the Sound

Of martial Harmony; Fifes, Cornets, Drums,

That rouse the sleepy Soul to Arms, and bold

Heroick Deeds. In Parties here and there

Detach'd o'er Hill and Dale, the Hunters range 400

Inquisitive; strong Dogs that match in Fight

The boldest Brute, around their Masters wait,

A faithful Guard. No Haunt unsearch'd, they drive

From ev'ry Covert, and from ev'ry Den,

The lurking Savages. Incessant Shouts

405

Re-echo thro' the Woods, and kindling Fire

Gleam from the Mountain Tops; the Forest seems
One mingling Blaze: Like Flocks of Sheep they fly
Before the flaming Brand: Fierce Lions, Pards,
Boars, Tygers, Bears, and Wolves; a dreadful

Crew

410

Of grim blood-thirsty Foes: growling along,
They stalk indignant; but fierce Vengeance still
Hangs pealing on their Rear, and pointed Spears
Present immediate Death. Soon as the Night

Wrapt in her sable Veil forbids the Chace, 415

They pitch their Tents, in even Ranks, around
The circling Camp. The Guards are plac'd, and

Fires

At proper Distances ascending rise,
And paint th'Horizon with their ruddy Light.
So round some Island's Shore of large Extent, 420
Amid the gloomy Horrors of the Night,
The Billows breaking on the pointed Rocks,

Seem

Seem all one Flame, and the bright Circuit wide
Appears a Bulwark of surrounding Fire.

What dreadful Howlings, and what hideous Roar, 425
Disturb those peaceful Shades! where erst the Bird
That glads the Night, had chear'd the list'ning
Groves

With sweet Complainings. Thro' the silent Gloom
Oft they the Guards assail; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling Rage 430
Stung to the Quick, and mad with wild Despair.
Thus Day by Day, they still the Chace renew;
At Night encamp; 'till now in strecther Bounds
The Circle lessens, and the Beasts perceive
The Wall that hems them in on ev'ry Side, 435
And now their Fury bursts, and knows no Mean;
From Man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd Rage
Against their fellow Brutes. With Teeth and Claws
The Civil War begins; grappling they tear.

Lions on Tygers prey, and Bears on Wolves: 440
Horrible Discord! 'Till the Crowd behind
Shouting pursue, and part the bloody Fray.
At once their Wrath subsides; tame as the Lamb
The Lion hangs his Head, the furious Pard,
Cow'd and subdu'd, flies from the Face of Man, 445
Nor bears one Glance of his commanding Eye.
So abject is a Tyrant in Distress.

AT last within the narrow Plain confin'd,
A listed Field, mark'd out for bloody Deeds,
An Amphitheatre more glorious far 450
Than ancient *Rome* cou'd boast, they crowd in heaps,
Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet Array
Sheath'd in resplendent Arms, a noble Band
Advance; great Lords of high imperial Blood,
Early resolv'd t'affert their Royal Race, 455
And prove by glorious Deeds their Valour's Growth

Mature,

Mature, e'er yet the callow Down has spread
Its curling Shade. On bold *Arabian* Steeds
With decent Pride they sit, that fearless hear
The Lion's dreadful Roar ; and down the Rock 460
Swift-shooting plunge, or o'er the Mountain's Ridge
Stretching along, the greedy Tyger leave
Panting behind. On Foot their faithful Slaves
With Javelins arm'd attend ; each watchful Eye
Fix'd on his youthful Care, for him alone 465
He fears, and to redeem his Life, unmov'd
Wou'd lose his own. The mighty *Aurengzebe*,
From his high-elevated Throne, beholds
His blooming Race ; revolving in his Mind
What once he was, in his gay Spring of Life, 470
When Vigour strung his Nerves. Parental Joy
Melts in his Eyes, and flushes in his Cheeks.
Now the loud Trumpet sounds a Charge. The Shouts
Of eager Hosts, thro' all the circling Line,

And

And the wild Howlings of the Beasts within 475
Rend wide the Welkin, Flights of Arrows, wing'd
With Death, and Javelins lanc'd from ev'ry Arm,
Gall sore the brutal Bands, with many a Wound
Gor'd thro' and thro'. Despair at last prevails,
When fainting Nature shrinks, and rouses all 480
Their drooping Courage. Swell'd with furious Rage,
Their Eyes dart Fire; and on the youthful Band
They rush implacable. They their broad Shields
Quick interpose; on each devoted Head
Their flaming Falchions, as the Bolts of *Jove*, 485
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the Ground
The grinning Monsters lye, and their foul Gore
Defiles the verdant Plain. Nor idle stand
The trusty Slaves; with pointed Spears they pierce
Thro' their tough Hides; or at their gaping Mouths
An easier Passage find. The King of Brutes
In broken Roarings breaths his last; the Bear

Grumbles in Death; nor can his spotted Skin,
Tho' flick it shine, with varied Beauties gay,
Save the proud Pard from unrelenting Fate. 495

The Battle bleeds, grim Slaughter strides along,
Glutting her greedy Jaws, grins o'er her Prey.

Men, Horses, Dogs, fierce Beasts of ev'ry kind,
A strange promiscuous Carnage, drench'd in Blood,
And Heaps on Heaps amass'd. What yet remain 500
Alive, with vain Assault contend to break
Th' impenetrable Line. Others, whom Fear
Inspires with self-preserving Wiles, beneath
The Bodies of the Slain for Shelter creep.

Aghast they fly, or hide their Heads dispers'd. 505
And now perchance (had Heav'n but pleas'd) the
Work

Of Death had been compleat; and *Aurengzebe*
By one dread Frown extinguish'd half their Race.
When lo! the bright Sultanas of his Court

Appear

Appear, and to his ravish'd Eyes display 510
Those Charms, but rarely to the Day reveal'd.

LOWLY they bend, and humbly sue, to save
The vanquish'd Host. What Mortal can deny
When suppliant Beauty begs? At his Command
Op'ning to Right and Left, the well-train'd Troops
Leave a large Void for their retreating Foes.

Away they fly, on Wings of Fear upborn,
To seek on distant Hills their late Abodes.

YE proud Oppressors, whose vain Hearts exult
In Wantonness of Pow'r, 'gainst the brute Race, 520
Fierce Robbers like your selves, a guiltless War
Wage uncontroll'd: Here quench your Thirst of
Blood;

But learn from *Aurengzebe* to spare Mankind.

The ARGUMENT of the Third Book.

OF King Edgar and his imposing a Tribute of Wolves Heads upon the Kings of Wales: From hence a Transition to Fox-Hunting, which is described in all its Parts. Censure of an over-numerous Pack. Of the several Engines to destroy Foxes, and other Wild Beasts. The Steel-Trap described, and the Manner of using it. Description of the Pitfall for the Lion; and another for the Elephant. The ancient Way of Hunting the Tyger with a Mirror. The Arabian Manner of Hunting the Wild Boar. Description of the Royal Stag-Chace at Windsor Forest. Concludes with an Address to his Majesty, and an Eulogy upon Mercy.

BOOK

BOOK the Third.

IN Albion's Isle when glorious *Edgar* reign'd.
I He wisely provident, from her white Cliffs
Launch'd half her Forests, and with num'rous
Fleets
Cover'd his wide Domain: There proudly rode
Lord of the Deep, the great Prerogative 5
Of British Monarchs. Each Invader bold,
Dane and *Norwegian*, at a Distance gaz'd,
And disappointed, gnash'd his Teeth in vain.
He scour'd the Seas, and to remotest Shores
With swelling Sails the trembling Corsair fled. 10
Rich Commerce flourish'd; and with busy Oars
Dash'd

BOOK III. THE CHACE. 61

Dash'd the resounding Surge. Nor less at Land

His royal Cares; wise, potent, gracious Prince!

His Subjects from their cruel Foes he fav'd,

And from rapacious Savages their Flocks. 15

Cambria's proud Kings (tho' with Reluctance) paid

Their tributary Wolves; Head after Head,

In full Account, 'till the Woods yield no more,

And all the rav'nous Race extinct is lost.

In fertile Pastures, more securely graz'd 20

The social Troops; and soon their large Increase

With curling Fleeces whiten'd all the Plains.

But yet alas! the wily Fox remain'd,

A subtle, pilf'ring Foe, proling around

In Midnight Shades, and wakeful to destroy. 25

In the full Fold, the poor defenceless Lamb,

Seiz'd by his guileful Arts, with sweet warm Blood

Supplies a rich Repast. The mournful Ewe,

Her dearest Treasure lost, thro' the dun Night

Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain: 30
While in th'adjacent Bush, poor *Philomel*,
(Her self a Parent once, 'till wanton Churls
Despoil'd her Nest) joins in her loud Laments,
With sweeter Notes, and more melodious Woe.

FOR these nocturnal Thieves, Huntsman, prepare
Thy sharpest Vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis 36
To right th'oppress'd, and bring the Felon vile
To just Disgrace! E'er yet the Morning peep,
Or Stars retire from the first Blush of Day,
With thy far echoing Voice alarm thy Pack, 40
And rouse thy bold Compeers. Then to the Copse,
Thick with entangling Grafs, or prickly Furze
With Silence lead thy many-colour'd Hounds,
In all their Beauty's Pride. See! how they range
Dispers'd, how busily this Way and that, 45
They cross, examining with curious Nose

Each

Each likely Haunt. Hark! on the Drag I hear
Their doubtful Notes, preluding to a Cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with ev'ry Mouth.
As straggling Armies, at the Trumpet's Voice, 50
Press to their Standard; hither all repair,
And hurry thro' the Woods; with hasty Step
Rustling, and full of Hope; now driv'n on Heaps
They push, they strive; while from his Kennel
sneaks
The conscious Villain. See! he skulks along, 55
Slick at the Shepherd's Cost, and plump with Meals
Purloin'd. So thrive the Wicked here below.
Tho' high his Brush he bear, tho' tipt with white
It gaily shine; yet e're the Sun declin'd
Recall the Shades of Night, the pamper'd Rogue 60
Shall rue his Fate revers'd; and at his Heels
Behold the just Avenger, swift to seize
His forfeit Head, and thirsting for his Blood.

HEAVENS! what melodious Strains! how beat
our Hearts

Big with tumultuous Joy! the loaded Gales 65

Breath Harmony; and as the Tempest drives
From Wood to Wood, thro' ev'ry dark Recess
The Forest thunders, and the Mountains shake.

The Chorus swells; less various, and less sweet
The trilling Notes, when in those very Groves, 70

The feather'd Choristers salute the Spring,

And ev'ry Bush in Confort joins; or when

The Master's Hand, in modulated Air,

Bids the loud Organ breath, and all the Pow'rs

Of Musick in one Instrument combine,

An universal Minstrelsy. And now

In vain each Earth he tries, the Doors are barr'd

Impregnable, nor is the Covert safe;

He pants for purer Air. Hark! what loud Shouts

Re-echo

Re-echo thro' the Groves! he breaks away, 80

Shrill Horns proclaim his Flight. Each straggling
Hound

Strains o'er the Lawn to reach the distant Pack.

'Tis Triumph all and Joy. Now, my brave Youths,
Now give a loose to the clean gen'rous Steed ;
Flourish the Whip, nor spare the galling Spur; 85
But in the Madness of Delight, forget

Your Fears. Far o'er the rocky Hills we range,

And dangerous our Course; but in the Brave

True Courage never fails. In vain the Stream

In foaming Eddies whirls; in vain the Ditch 90

Wide-gaping threatens Death. The craggy Steep

Where the poor dizzy Shepherd crawls with Care,

And clings to ev'ry Twig, gives us no Pain;

But down we sweep, as stoops the Falcon bold

To pounce his Prey. Then up th'opponent Hill, 95

By the swift Motion slung, we mount aloft

So Ships in Winter-Seas now fliding sink
Adown the steepy Wave, then toss'd on high
Ride on the Billows, and defy the Storm.

WHAT Lengths we pass! where will the wan-
d'ring Chace 100

Lead us bewilder'd! smooth as Swallows skim
The new-shorn Mead, and far more swift we fly.
See my brave Pack; how to the Head they press,
Justling in close Array, then more diffuse 104
Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning Mouths
The vollied Thunder breaks. So when the Cranes
Their annual Voyage steer, with wanton Wing
Their Figure oft they change, and their loud Clang
From Cloud to Cloud rebounds. How far behind
The Hunter-Crew, wide-straggling o'er the Plain!
The panting Courser now with trembling Nerves
Begins to reel; urg'd by the goreing Spur,

BOOK III. THE CHACE.

67

Makes many a faint Effort: He snorts, he foams,
The big round Drops run trickling down his Sides,
With Sweat and Blood distain'd. Look back and
view

115

The strange Confusion of the Vale below,
Where fow'r Vexation reigns; see yon poor Jade,
In vain th' impatient Rider frets and swears,
With galling Spurs harrows his mangled Sides;
He can no more: His stiff unpliant Limbs 120
Rooted in Earth, unmov'd, and fix'd he stands,
For ev'ry cruel Curse returns a Groan,
And sobs, and faints, and dies. Who without
Grief

Can view that pamper'd Steed, his Master's Joy,
His Minion, and his daily Care, well cloath'd, 125
Well-fed with ev'ry nicer Cate; no Cost,
No Labour spar'd; who, when the flying Chace
Broke from the Copse, without a Rival led

The num'rous Train: Now a sad Spectacle
Of Pride brought low, and humbled Insolence, 130
Drove like a pannier'd Ass, and scourg'd along.
While these with loosen'd Reins, and dangling Heels,
Hang on their reeling Palfreys, that scarce bear
Their Weights; another in the treach'rous Bog
Lies flound'ring half ingulph'd. What biteing
Thoughts 135

Torment th'abandon'd Crew! old Age laments
His Vigour spent: The tall, plump, brawny Youth
Curses his cumb'rous Bulk; and envies now
The short Pygmean Race, he whilom kenn'd
With proud insulting Leer. A chosen few 140
Alone the Sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
Their pleasing Toils. Here, Huntsman, from this
Height

Observe yon Birds of Prey; if I can judge
'Tis there the Villain lurks; they hover round

And

And claim him as their own. Was I not right; 145
See! there he creeps along; his Brush he drags,
And sweeps the Mire impure; from his wide Jaws
His Tongue unmoisten'd hangs; Symptoms too sure
Of sudden Death. Hah! yet he flies, nor yields
To black Despair. But one Loose more, and all
His Wiles are vain. Hark! thro' yon Village now
The rattling Clamour rings. The Barns, the Cots
And leafless Elms return the joyous Sounds.
Thro' ev'ry Homestall, and thro' ev'ry Yard,
His midnight Walks, panting, forlorn, he flies; 155
Thro' every Hole he sneaks, thro' ev'ry Jakes
Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a superior Stench to lose his own:
But faithful to the Track, th' unerring Hounds
With Peals of echoing Vengeance close pursue. 160
And now distress'd, no shelt'ring Covert near
Into the Hen-roost creeps, whose Walls with Gore
Distain'd

Distrain'd attest his Guilt. There, Villain, there
Expect thy Fate deserv'd. And soon from thence
The Pack inquisitive, with Clamour loud, 165
Drag out their trembling Prize; and on his Blood
With greedy Transport feast. In bolder Notes
Each sounding Horn proclaims the Felon dead;
And all th' assembled Village shouts for Joy.

The Farmer who beholds his mortal Foe 170
Stretch'd at his Feet, applauds the glorious Deed,
And grateful calls us to a short Repast:
In the full Glass the liquid Amber smiles,
Our native Product. And his good old Mate
With choicest Viands heaps the lib'r'al Board,
To crown our Triumphs, and reward our Toils.

HERE must th' instructive Muse (but with Re-
spect)

Censure that num'rous Pack, that Croud of State,

With

Book III. THE CHACE. 71

With which the vain Profusion of the Great
Covers the Lawn, and shakes the trembling Copse.
Pompous Incumbrance! A Magnificence
Useless, vexatious! For the wily Fox,
Safe in th' increasing Number of his Foes,
Kens well the great Advantage: Slinks behind
And flyly creeps thro' the same beaten Track, 185
And hunts them Step by Step; then views escap'd
With inward Extasy, the panting Throng
In their own Footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost.
So when proud *Eastern* Kings, summon to Arms
Their gaudy Legions, from far distant Climes 190
They flock in Crouds, unpeopling half a World:
But when the Day of Battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd Foe, a Band compact
Of chosen Vet'rane; they press blindly on,
In Heaps confus'd, by their own Weapons fall, 195
A smoking Carnage scatter'd o'er the Plain.

Nor Hounds alone this noxious Brood destroy:
The plunder'd Warrener full many a Wile
Devises to entrap his greedy Foe,
Fat with nocturnal Spoils. At Close of Day, 200
With Silence drags his Trail; then from the Ground
Pares thin the close-graz'd Turf, there with nice
Hand
Covers the latent Death, with curious Springs
Prepar'd to fly at once, whene'er the Tread
Of Man or Beast, unwarily shall press 205
The yielding Surface. By th' indented Steel
With Gripe tenacious held, the Felon grins,
And struggles, but in vain: Yet oft 'tis known,
When ev'ry Art has fail'd, the captive Fox
Has shar'd the wounded Joint, and with a Limb 210
Compounded for his Life. But if perchance
In the deep Pitfall plung'd, there's no Escape;

But

But unrepriv'd he dies, and bleach'd in Air
The Jest of Clowns, his reeking Carcass hangs.

Of these are various Kinds; not ev'n the King 215

Of Brutes evades this deep devouring Grave:

But by the wily *African* betray'd,

Heedless of Fate, within its gaping Jaws

Expires indignant. When the orient Beam

With Blushes paints the Dawn; and all the Race 220

Carnivorous, with Blood full-gorg'd, retire

Into their darksom Cells, there satiate snore

O'er dripping Offals, and the mangled Limbs

Of Men and Beasts; the painful Forrester

Climbs the high Hills, whose proud aspiring Tops,

With the tall Cedar crown'd, and taper Fir,

Affail the Clouds. There 'mong the craggy Rocks,

And Thickets intricate, trembling he views

His Footsteps in the Sand; the dismal Road

But And

And Avenue to Death. Hither he calls 230

His watchful Bands; and low into the Ground

A Pit they sink, full many a Fathom deep.

Then in the midst a Column high is rear'd,

The Butt of some fair Tree; upon whose Top

A Lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his Dam. 235

And next a Wall they build, with Stones and Earth

Encircling round, and hiding from all View

The dreadful Precipice. Now when the Shades

Of Night hang low'ring o'er the Mountain's Brow;

And Hunger keen, and pungent Thirst of Blood, 240

Rouze up the slothful Beast, he shakes his Sides,

Slow-rising from his Lair, and stretches wide

His rav'nous Paws, with recent Gore distain'd.

The Forests tremble, as he roars aloud,

Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears 245

The bleating Innocent, that claims in vain

The Shepherd's Care, and seeks with piteous Moan

III. THE CHACE.

75

The foodful Teat; himself, alas! design'd
Another's Meal. For now the greedy Brute
Winds him from far; and leaping o'er the Mound 250
To seize his trembling Prey, headlong is plung'd
Into the deep Abyss. Prostrate he lies
Astunn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
Thine Eye-balls flashing Fire, thy Length of Tail,
That lashes thy broad Sides, thy Jaws besmear'd 255
With Blood and Offals crude, thy shaggy Main
The Terror of the Woods, thy stately Port,
And Bulk enormous, since by Stratagem
Thy Strength is foil'd? Unequal is the Strife,
When sov'reign Reason combats brutal Rage. 260

ON distant *Ethiopia's* Sun-burnt Coasts,
The black Inhabitants a Pitfall frame,
But of a diff'rent Kind, and diff'rent Use.
With slender Poles the wide capacious Mouth,

And
8

And Hurdles slight, they close; o'er these is spread
A Floor of verdant Turf, with all its Flow'rs
Smiling delusive, and from strictest Search
Concealing the deep Grave, that yawns below.
Then Boughs of Trees they cut, with tempting
Fruit

Of various Kinds surcharg'd; the downy Peach, 270
The clust'ring Vine, and of bright golden Rind
The fragrant Orange. Soon as Ev'ning grey
Advances slow, besprinkling all around
With kind refreshing Dews the thirsty Glebe,
The stately Elephant from the close Shade 275
With Step majestick strides, eager to taste
The cooler Breeze, that from the Sea-beat Shore
Delightful breaths, or in the limpid Stream
To lave his panting Sides; joyous he scents
The rich Repast, unweeting of the Death 280
That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks

The

The brittle Boughs, and greedily devours
The Fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
The Price is Life. For now the treach'rous Turf
Trembling gives way; and the unweildy Beast 285
Self-sinking, drops into the dark Profound.
So when dilated Vapours, struggling heave
Th' incumbent Earth; if Chance the cavern'd
Ground,
Shrinking subside, and the thin Surface yield,
Down sinks at once the pond'rous Dome, ingulph'd
With all its Tow'rs. Subtle, delusive Man!
How various are thy Wiles! artful to kill
Thy savage Foes, a dull unthinking Race!
Fierce from his Lair, springs forth the speckled Pard,
Thirsting for Blood, and eager to destroy; 295
The Huntsman flies, but to his Flight alone
Confides not: At convenient Distance fix'd,
A polish'd Mirrour, stops in full Career

The furious Brute : He there his Image views ;
Spots against Spots with Rage improving glow ; 300
Another Pard his bristly Whiskers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide.
Distends his op'ning Paws ; himself against
Himself opposed, and with dread Vengeance arm'd.
The Huntsman now secure, with fatal Aim 305
Directs the pointed Spear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival Shade.
Thus Man innum'rous Engines forms, t'affail
The Savage kind : But most the docile Horse,
Swift and confederate with Man, annoys 310
His Brethren of the Plains ; without whose Aid
The Hunters Arts are vain, unskill'd to wage
With the more active Brutes an equal War.
But born by him, without the well-train'd Pack,
Man dares his Foe, on Wings of Wind secure. 315

HIM

HIM the fierce *Arab* mounts, and with his Troop
Of bold Compeers, ranges the Deserts wild.

Where by the Magnet's Aid, the Traveller
Steers his untrodden Course; yet oft on Land
Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling Waves of Sand 326
Immerst and lost. While these intrepid Bands,
Safe in their Horses Speed, out-fly the Storm,
And scouring round, make Men and Beasts their
Prey.

The grisly Boar is singled from his Herd
As large as that in *Erimanthian Woods*, 325
A Match for *Hercules*. Round him they fly
In Circles wide; and each in passing sends
His feather'd Death into his brawny Sides.
But perilous th'Attempt. For if the Steed
Haply too near approach; or the loose Earth 330
His Footing fail; the watchful angry Beast

Th'Advantage spies; and at one sidelong Glance
Rips up his Groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
And plunging, from his Back the Rider hurls
Precipitant; then bleeding spurns the Ground,
And drags his reeking Entrails o'er the Plain.

Mean while the surly Monster trots along,
But with unequal Speed; for still they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the spacious Ring. A Wood
Of Darts upon his Back he bears; adown 340
His tortur'd Sides, the crimson Torrents roll
From many a gaping Font. And now at last
Stagg'ring he falls, in Blood and Foam expires.

BUT whither roves my devious Muse, intent
On antique Tales? While yet the Royal Stag 345
Unsung remains. Tread with respectful Awe
Windſor's green Glades; where *Denham*, tuneful Bard,
Charm'd once the list'ning Dryads, with his Song

Sublimely

Sublimely sweet. O! grant me, sacred Shade,
To glean submiss what thy full Sickle leaves. 350

THE Morning Sun that gilds with trembling Rays
Windfor's high Towr's, beholds the courtly Train
Mount for the Chace, nor views in all his Course
A Scene so gay: Heroick, noble Youths,
In Arts, and Arms renown'd, and lovely Nymphs
The fairest of this Isle, where Beauty dwells
Delighted, and deserts her *Paphian* Grove
For our more favour'd Shades: In proud Parade
These shine magnificent, and press around
The Royal happy Pair. Great in themselves, 360
They smile superior; of external Show
Regardless, while their inbred Virtues give
A Lustre to their Pow'r, and grace their Court
With real Splendors, far above the Pomp
Of eastern Kings, in all their Tinsel Pride. 365

Like Troops of *Amazons*, the female Band
Prance round their Cars, not in resplendent Arms
As those of old; unskill'd to wield the Sword,
Or bend the Bow, these kill with surer Aim.

The royal Offspring, fairest of the Fair, 379

Lead on the splendid Train. *Anna* more bright
Than Summer Suns, or as the Light'ning keen,
With irresistible Effulgence arm'd,

Fires ev'ry Heart. He must be more than Man,

Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing Ray. 375

Amelia, milder than the blushing Dawn,

With sweet engaging Air, but equal Pow'r

Insensibly subdues, and in soft Chains

Her willing Captives leads. Illustrious Maids

Ever triumphant! whose victorious Charms, 380

Without the needless Aid of high Descent

Had aw'd Mankind, and taught the World's great

Lords

To bow and sue for Grace. But who is he

Fresh as a Rose-bud newly blown, and fair

As op'ning Lillies; on whom ev'ry Eye

385

With Joy, and Admiration dwells? See, see,

He reins his docile Barb with manly Grace,

Is it *Adonis* for the Chace array'd?

Or *Britain's* second Hope? Hail blooming Youth!

May all your Virtues with your Years improve, 390

'Till in consummate Worth, you shine the Pride

Of these our Days, and to succeeding Times

A bright Example. As his Guard of Mutes

On the great Sultan wait, with Eyes deject

And fix'd on Earth, no Voice, no Sound is heard 395

Within the wide Serail, but all is hush'd,

And awful Silence reigns; thus stand the Pack

Mute and unmov'd, and cow'ring low to Earth,

While pass the glitt'ring Court, and Royal Pair:

So disciplin'd those Hounds, and so reserv'd, 400

Whose Honour 'tis to glad the Hearts of Kings.
But soon the winding Horn, and Huntsman's Voice,
Let loose the gen'ral Chorus; far around
Joy spreads its Wings, and the gay Morning smiles.

UNHARBOUR'D now the Royal Stag forsakes 405
His wonted Lair; he shakes his dappled Sides,
And tossest high his beamy Head, the Copse
Beneath his Antlers bends. What doubling Shifts
He tries! not more the wily Hare; in these
Wou'd still persist, did not the full-mouth'd Pack
With dreadful Confort thunder in his Rear.
The Woods reply, the Hunter's clearing Shouts
Float thro' the Glades, and the wide Forest rings.
How merrily they chant! their Nostrils deep
Inhale the grateful Steam. Such is the Cry, 415
And such th'harmonious Din, the Soldier deems
The Battle kindling, and the Statesman grave

Forgets his weighty Cares ; each Age, each Sex

In the wild Transport joins ; luxuriant Joy,

And Pleasure in Excess, sparkling exult

420

On ev'ry Brow, and revel unrestrain'd.

How happy art thou, Man, when thou'rt no more

Thy self! when all the Pangs that grind thy Soul,

In Rapture and in sweet Oblivion lost,

Yield a short Interval, and Ease from Pain!

425

SEE the swift Courser strains, his shining Hoofs

Securely beat the solid Ground. Who now

The dang'rous Pitfall fears, with tangling Heath

High-overgrown? Or who the quiv'ring Bog

Soft-yielding to the Step? All now is plain,

430

Plain as the Strand Sea-lav'd, that stretches far

Beneath the rocky Shore. Glades crossing Glades

The Forest opens to our wond'ring View:

Such was the King's Command. Let Tyrants fierce

Lay

Lay waste the World; his the more glorious Part 435

To check their Pride; and when the brazen Voice
Of War is hush'd, (as erst victorious *Rome*)
T' employ his station'd Legions in the Works
Of Peace; to smooth the rugged Wilderness.

To drain the stagnate Fen, to raise the Slope 440
Depending Road, and to make gay the Face
Of Nature, with th' Embellishments of Art,

How melts my beating Heart! as I behold
Each lovely Nymph our Island's Boast and Pride,
Push on the gen'rous Steed, that strokes along 445
O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy Hill,
Nor faulters in th' extended Vale below;
Their Garments loosely waving in the Wind,
And all the Flush of Beauty in their Cheeks!
While at their Sides their penfive Lovers wait, 450
Direct their dubious Course; now chill'd with Fear

III.
435
e
440

BOOK III. THE CHACE.

87

Solicitous, and now with Love inflam'd:
O! grant, indulgent Heav'n, no rising Storm
May darken with black Wings, this glorious Scene!
Shou'd some malignant Pow'r thus damp our Joys,
Vain were the gloomy Cave, such as of old
Betray'd to lawles Love the *Tyrian Queen*.
For *Britain's* virtuous Nymphs are chaste as fair,
Spotles, unblam'd, with equal Triumph reign
In the Dun Gloom, as in the Blaze of Day. 460

e,
445
ill,
450
Fear
Soli-

Now the blown Stag, thro' Woods, Bogs, Roads,
and Streams
Has measur'd half the Forest; but alas!

He flies in vain, he flies not from his Fears.
Tho' far he cast the ling'ring Pack behind,
His haggard Fancy still with Horrors views 465
The fell Destroyer; still the fatal Cry
Insults his Ears, and wounds his trembling Heart.

So

So the poor Fury-haunted Wretch (his Hands
In guiltless Blood distain'd) still seems to hear
The dying Shrieks ; and the pale threat'ning Ghost
Moves as he moves, and as he flies, pursues.

See here his Slot; up yon green Hill he climbs,
Pants on its Brow awhile, sadly looks back
On his Purfuers, cov'ring all the Plain ;
But wrung with Anguish, bears not long the Sight,
Shoots down the Steep, and sweats along the Vale:
There mingles with the Herd, where once he
reign'd

Proud Monarch of the Groves, whose clashing
Beam

His Rivals aw'd, and whose exalted Pow'r
Was still rewarded with successful Love. 480

But the base Herd, have learn'd the Ways of Men,
Averse they fly, or with rebellious Aim

Chace him from thence: needless their impious
Deed,

The Huntsman knows him by a thousand Marks,
Black, and Imboſt; nor are his Hounds deceiv'd;
Too well distinguish these, and never leave
Their once devoted Foe; familiar grows
His Scent, and strong their Appetite to kill.

Again he flies, and with redoubled Speed
Skims o'er the Lawn; still the tenacious Crew 490

Hang on the Track, aloud demand their Prey
And push him many a League. If haply then
Too far escap'd, and the gay courtly Train
Behind are cast, the Huntsman's clang ing Whip
Stops full their bold Career; passive they stand, 495

Unmov'd, an humble, an obsequious Crowd,
As if by stern *Medusa* gaz'd to Stones.
So at their Gen'ral's Voice whole Armies halt
In full Pursuit, and check their Thirst of Blood.

Soon

Soon at the King's Command, like hasty Streams 500
Damm'd up a while, they foam, and pour along
With fresh recruited Might. The Stag, who hop'd
His Foes were lost, now once more hears astunn'd
The dreadful Din; he shivers ev'ry Limb,
He starts, he bounds; each Bush presents a Foe. 505
Press'd by the fresh Relay, no Pause allow'd,
Breathless, and faint, he faulters in his Pace,
And lifts his weary Limbs with Pain, that scarce
Sustain their Load; he pants, he sobs appall'd;
Drops down his heavy Head to Earth, beneath 510
His cumb'rous Beams oppres'd. But if perchance
Some prying Eye surprize him; soon he rears
Erect his tow'ring Front, bounds o'er the Lawn
With ill-dissembled Vigour, to amuse
The knowing Forester; who inly smiles 515
At his weak Shifts, and unavailing Frauds.
So midnight Tapers waste their last Remains,

Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.
From Wood to Wood redoubling Thunders roll,
And bellow thro' the Vales; the moving Storm 520
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant Shouts,
And Horns shrill-warbling in each Glade, prelude
To his approaching Fate. And now in view
With hobbling Gate, and high, exerts amaz'd
What Strength is left: To the last Dregs of Life
Reduc'd, his Spirits fail, on ev'ry Side
Hemm'd in, besieg'd; not the least Op'ning left
To gleaming Hope, th' Unhappy's last Reserve.
Where shall he turn? Or whither fly? Despair
Gives Courage to the Weak. Resolv'd to dye, 530
He fears no more, but rushes on his Foes,
And deals his Deaths around; beneath his Feet
These grovelling lye, those by his Antlers gor'd
Defile th' ensanguin'd Plain. Ah! see distress'd
He stands at Bay against yon knotty Trunk, 535

That

That covers well his Rear, his Front presents
An Host of Foes. O! shun, ye noble Train,
The rude Encounter, and believe your Lives
Your Country's Due alone. As now aloof
They wing around, he finds his Soul uprais'd, 540
To dare some great Exploit; he charges home
Upon the broken Pack, that on each Side
Fly diverse; then as o'er the Turf he strains,
He vents the cooling Stream, and up the Breeze
Urges his Course with eager Violence: 544
Then takes the Soil, and plunges in the Flood
Precipitant; down the Mid-Stream he wafts
Along, 'till (like a Ship distress'd, that runs
Into some winding Creek) close to the Verge
Of a small Island, for his weary Feet 550
Sure Anchorage he finds, there skulks immers'd.
His Nose alone above the Wave, draws in
The vital Air; all else beneath the Flood

Conceal'd,

Conceal'd, and lost, deceives each prying Eye
Of Man or Brute. In vain the crowding Pack 555
Draw on the Margin of the Stream, or cut
The liquid Wave with oary Feet, that move
In equal Time. The gliding Waters leave
No Trace behind, and his contracted Pores
But sparingly perspire: The Huntsman strains 560
His lab'ring Lungs, and puffs his Cheeks in vain:
At length a Blood-hound bold, studious to kill,
And exquisite of Sense, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the Flood, his Mouth
Loud op'ning spends amain, and his wide Throat
Swells ev'ry Note with Joy; then fearless dives
Beneath the Wave, hangs on his Hanch, and wounds
Th'unhappy Brute, that flounders in the Stream,
Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to mount
The steepy Shore. Haply once more escap'd; 570
Again he stands at Bay, amid the Groves

Of Willows, bending low their downy Heads.
Outrageous Transport fires the greedy Pack;
These swim the Deep, and those crawl up with
Pain

The slipp'ry Bank, while others on firm Land 575
Engage; the Stag repells each bold Assault,
Maintains his Post, and Wounds for Wounds returns.
As when some wily Corsair boards a Ship
Full-freighted, or from *Afric's* golden Coasts,
Or *India's* wealthy Strand, his bloody Crew 580
Upon her Deck he flings; these in the Deep
Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy Sides,
And clinging climb aloft; while those on Board
Urge on the Work of Fate; the Master bold,
Press'd to his last Retreat, bravely resolves 585
To sink his Wealth beneath the whelming Wave,
His Wealth, his Foes, nor unreveng'd to dye.
So fares it with the Stag: So he resolves

To plunge at once into the Flood below,
Himself, his Foes in one deep Gulph immers'd. 590
E'er yet he executes this dire Intent,
In wild Disorder once more views the Light ;
Beneath a Weight of Woe, he groans distress'd :
The Tears run trickling down his hairy Cheeks ;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The King beholds
His wretched Plight, and Tenderness innate
Moves his great Soul. Soon at his high Command
Rebuk'd, the disappointed, hungry Pack
Retire submiss, and grumbling quit their Prey.

GREAT Prince! from thee, what may thy Subjects hope ; 600

So kind, and so beneficent to Brutes ?

O Mercy, heav'nly born ! Sweet Attribute !

Thou great, thou best Prerogative of Pow'r !

Justice may guard the Throne, but join'd with thee,

On Rocks of Adamant it stands secure, 605
And braves the Storm beneath; soon as thy Smiles
Gild the rough Deep, the foaming Waves subside,
And all the noisy Tumult sinks in Peace.

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5

The ARGUMENT of the Fourth Book.

Of the Necessity of destroying some Beasts, and preserving others for the Use of Man. Of breeding of Hounds; the Season for this Business. The Choice of the Dog, of great Moment. Of the Litter of Whelps. Of the Number to be rear'd. Of setting them out to their several Walks. Care to be taken to prevent their Hunting too soon. Of ent'ring the Whelps. Of breaking them from running at Sheep. Of the Diseases of Hounds. Of their Age. Of Madness; two Sorts of it described, the Dumb, and outragious Madness: It's dreadful Effects. Burning of the Wound recommended as preventing all ill Consequences. The infectious Hounds to be separated, and fed apart. The Vanity of trusting to the many infallible Cures for this Malady. The dismal Effects of the Biting of a Mad Dog, upon Man described. Description of the Otter Hunting. The Conclusion.

BOOK the Fourth.

WHATE'ER of Earth is form'd, to Earth re-
turns

Dissolv'd: the various Objects we behold,
Plants, Animals, this whole material Mass,
Are ever changing, ever new. The Soul
Of Man alone, that Particle divine,
Escapes the Wreck of Worlds, when all things fail.

Hence great the Distance 'twixt the Beasts that per-
ish,

And God's bright Image, Man's immortal Race.
The Brute Creation are his Property,
Subservient to his Will, and for him made.

10

As

As hurtful these he kills, as useful those
Preserves; their sole and arbitrary King.
Shou'd he not kill, as erft the *Samian Sage*
Taught unadvis'd, and *Indian Brachmans* now
As vainly preach; the teeming rav'nous Brutes 15
Might fill the scanty Space of this Terrene,
Incumb'ring all the Globe: Shou'd not his Care
Improve his growing Stock, their Kinds might fail,
Man might once more on Roots, and Acorns feed,
And thro' the Deserts range, shiv'ring, forlorn, 20
Quite destitute of ev'ry Solace dear,
And ev'ry smiling Gaiety of Life.

THE prudent Huntsman therefore will supply
With annual large Recruits, his broken Pack,
And propagate their Kind. As from the Root 25
Fresh Scions still spring forth, and daily yield
New blooming Honours to the Parent-Tree.

Far shall his Pack be fam'd, far sought his Breed,
And Princes at their Tables feast those Hounds
His Hand presents, an acceptable Boon.

30

E'ER yet the Sun thro' the bright Ram has urg'd
His steepy Course, or Mother Earth unbound
Her frozen Bosom to the *Western* Gale ;
When feather'd Troops, their social Leagues dis-
olv'd,
Select their Mates, and on the leafless Elm 35
The noisy Rook builds high her wicker Nest ;
Mark well the wanton Females of thy Pack,
That curl their Taper Tails, and frisking court
Their pyebald Mates enamour'd ; their red Eyes
Flash Fires impure ; nor Rest, nor Food they take,
Goaded by furious Love. In sep'rate Cells
Confine them now, lest bloody Civil Wars
Annoy thy peaceful State. If left at large,

35

The

BOOK IV. THE CHACE.

101

The growling Rivals in dread Battle join,
And rude Encounter. On *Scamander's Streams* 45
Heroes of old with far less Fury fought,
For the bright *Spartan Dame*, their Valour's Prize.
Mangled and torn thy fav'rite Hounds shall lie,
Stretch'd on the Ground; thy Kennel shall appear
A Field of Blood: like some unhappy Town 50
In Civil Broils confus'd, while Discord shakes
Her bloody Scourge aloft, fierce Parties rage,
Staining their impious Hands in mutual Death.
And still the best belov'd, and bravest fall:
Such are the dire Effects of lawless Love. 55

HUNTSMAN! these Ills by timely prudent Care
Prevent: for ev'ry longing Dame select
Some happy Paramour; to him alone
In Leagues connubial join. Consider well
His Lineage; what his Fathers did of old, 60

Chiefs

Chiefs of the Pack, and first to climb the Rock,
 Or plunge into the Deep, or thread the Brake
 With Thorns sharp-pointed, plash'd, and Briars
 inwoven.

Observe with Care his Shape, Sort, Colour, Size.
 Nor will sagacious Huntsmen less regard 65
 His inward Habits, the vain Babbler shun,
 Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong.

His foolish Offspring shall offend thy Ears
 With false Alarms, and loud Impertinence.

Nor less the shifting Cur avoid, that breaks 70
 Illusive from the Pack ; to the next Hedge
 Devious he strays, there ev'ry Muse he tries,
 If haply then he cross the streaming Scent,
 Away he flies vain-glorious ; and exults
 As of the Pack supreme, and in his Speed
 And Strength unrivall'd. Lo ! cast far behind
 His vex'd Associates pant, and lab'ring strain

To

To climb the steep Ascent. Soon as they reach
 Th'insulting Boaster, his false Courage fails,
 Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal Noose, 80
 His Master's Hate, and Scorn of all the Field.
 What can from such be hop'd, but a base Brood
 Of coward Curs, a frantick, vagrant Race?

WHEN now the third revolving Moon appears,
 With sharpen'd Horns, above th' Horizon's Brink;
 Without *Lucina*'s Aid, expect thy Hopes
 Are amply crown'd; short Pangs produce to Light
 The smoking Litter, crawling, helpless, blind,
 Nature their Guide, they seek the pouting Teat
 That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender Dam 90
 Has form'd them with her Tongue, with Pleasure
 view

The Marks of their renown'd Progenitors,
 Sure Pledge of Triumphs yet to come. All these

Select with Joy; but to the merc'less Flood
 Expose the dwindling Refuse, nor o'erload 95
 Th'indulgent Mother. If thy Heart relent,
 Unwilling to destroy, a Nurse provide,
 And to the Foster-Parent give the Care
 Of thy superfluous Brood; she'll cherish kind
 The Alien Offspring; pleas'd thou shalt behold 100
 Her Tenderness, and hospitable Love.

IF frolick now, and play-full they desert
 Their gloomy Cell, and on the verdant Turf
 With Nerves improv'd, pursue the mimick Chace,
 Coursing around; unto thy choicest Friends 150
 Commit thy valu'd Prize: The rustick Dames
 Shall at thy Kennel wait, and in their Laps
 Receive thy growing Hopes, with many a Kiss
 Carefs, and dignify their little Charge
 With some great Title, and resounding Name 110

Of high Import. But cautious here observe
To check their youthful Ardour, nor permit
The unexperienc'd Younker, immature,
Alone to range the Woods, or haunt the Brakes
Where dodging Conies sport: His Nerves unstrung,
And Strength unequal; the laborious Chace
Shall stint his Growth, and his rash forward Youth
Contract such vicious Habits, as thy Care
And late Correction never shall reclaim.

WHEN to full Strength arriv'd, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the Field; not all at once,
But as thy cooler Prudence shall direct,
Select a few, and form them by Degrees
To stricter Discipline. With these confort
The Stanch, and stiddy Sages of thy Pack, 125
By long Experience vers'd in all the Wiles,
And subtle Doublings of the various Chace.

Easy the Lesson of the youthful Train,
 When Instinct prompts, and when Example guides.
 If the too forward Younker at the Head 130
 Press boldly on, in wanton sportive Mood,
 Correct his Haste, and let him feel abash'd
 The ruling Whip. But if he stoop behind
 In wary modest Guise, to his own Nose
 Confiding sure; give him full Scope to work 135
 His winding Way, and with thy Voice applaud
 His Patience, and his Care; soon shalt thou view
 The hopeful Pupil Leader of his Tribe,
 And all the list'ning Pack attend his Call.

OFT lead them forth where wanton Lambkins
 play, 140
 And bleating Dams with jealous Eyes observe
 Their tender Care. If at the crowding Flock
 He bay presumptuous, or with eager Haste

Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant Plain ;
In the foul Fact attach'd, to the strong Ram 145
Tye fast the rash Offender. See ! at first
His horn'd Companion, fearful, and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged Ground :
Then with his Load fatigued, shall turn a Head,
And with his curl'd hard Front incessant peal 150
The panting Wretch ; 'till breathless and astunn'd,
Stretch'd on the Turf he lie. Then spare not thou
The twining Whip, but ply his bleeding Sides
Lash after Lash, and with thy threat'ning Voice,
Harsh-echoing from the Hills, inculcate loud 155
His vile Offence. Sooner shall trembling Doves
Escap'd the Hawk's sharp Talons, in mid Air,
Assail their dang'rous Foe, than he once more
Disturb the peaceful Flocks. In tender Age
Thus Youth is train'd ; as curious Artists bend 160

The

The taper, pliant Twig; or Potters form
Their soft and ductile Clay to various Shapes.

No R is't enough to breed; but to preserve
Must be the Huntsman's Care. The stanch old
Hounds,

Guides of thy Pack, tho' but in Number few, 165
Are yet of great Account; shall oft untye
The Gordian Knot, when Reason at a stand
Puzzling is lost, and all thy Art is vain.
O'er clogging Fallows, o'er dry plaster'd Roads,
O'er floated Meads, o'er Plains with Flocks distain'd
Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious Way.

As Party-Chiefs in Senates who preside,
With pleaded Reason and with well-turn'd Speech
Conduct the staring Multitude; so these
Direct the Pack, who with joint Cry approve, 175
And loudly boast Discov'ries not their own.

UNNUMBER'D Accidents, and various Ills,
 Attend thy Pack, hang hov'ring o'er their Heads,
 And point the Way that leads to Death's dark Cave.
 Short is their Span ; few at the Date arrive
 Of ancient *Argus* in old *Homer's* Song

180

So highly honour'd : Kind, sagacious Brute !
 Not ev'n *Minerva's* Wisdom could conceal
 Thy much lov'd Master from thy nicer Sense.
 Dying his Lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
 With eager Eyes, then clos'd those Eyes, well
 pleas'd.

185

OF lesser Ills the Muse declines to sing,
 Nor stoops so low ; of these each Groom can tell
 The proper Remedy. But O ! what Care !
 What Prudence can prevent Madness, the worst
 Of Maladies ? Terrifick Pest ! that blasts

190

The Huntsman's Hopes, and Desolation spreads
Thro' all th'unpeopled Kennel unrestrain'd.
More fatal than th'envenom'd Viper's Bite;
Or that *Apulian* Spider's pois'nous Sting,
Heal'd by the pleasing Antidote of Sounds. 195

WHEN *Sirius* reigns, and the Sun's parching
Beams
Bake the dry gaping Surface, visit thou
Each Ev'n and Morn, with quick observant Eye,
Thy panting Pack. If in dark sullen Mood,
The glouting Hound refuse his wonted Meal, 200
Retiring to some close, obscure Retreat,
Gloomy, disconsolate: With Speed remove
The poor infectious Wretch, and in strong Chains
Bind him suspected. Thus that dire Disease
Which Art can't cure, wise Caution may prevent.

BUT

BUT this neglected, soon expect a Change,
A dismal Change, Confusion, Frenzy, Death.
Or in some dark Recess, the senseless Brute
Sits sadly pining: Deep Melancholy,
And black Despair, upon his clouded Brow 210
Hang low'ring; from his half-op'ning Jaws
The clammy Venom, and infectious Froth,
Distilling fall; and from his Lungs inflam'd,
Malignant Vapours taint the ambient Air,
Breathing Perdition: His dim Eyes are glaz'd, 215
He droops his pensive Head, his trembling Limbs
No more support his Weight; abject he lies,
Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd; 'till Death at last
Gracious attends, and kindly brings Relief.

OR if outragious grown, behold alas! 220
A yet more dreadful Scene; his glaring Eyes

Redden with Fury, like some angry Boar
Churning he foams; and on his Back erect
His pointed Bristles rise; his Tail incurv'd
He drops, and with harsh broken Howlings rends 225
The poison-tainted Air, with rough hoarse Voice
Incessant Bays; and snuffs th' infectious Breeze;
This Way and that he stares aghast, and starts
At his own Shade; jealous, as if he deem'd
The World his Foes. If haply tow'r'd the Stream 230
He cast his roving Eye, cold Horror chills
His Soul; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd.
Now frantick to the Kennel's utmost Verge
Raving he runs, and deals Destruction round.
The Pack fly diverse; for whate'er he meets 235
Vengeful he bites, and ev'ry Bite is Death.

IF now perchance thro' the weak Fence escap'd,
Far up the Wind he roves, with open Mouth.

Inhaler

Inhales the cooling Breeze, nor Man, nor Beast
He spares implacable. The Hunter-Horse 240
Once kind Associate of his sylvan Toils,
(Who haply now without the Kennel's Mound
Crops the rank Mead, and list'ning hears with Joy
The clearing Cry, that Morn and Eve salutes
His raptur'd Sense) a wretched Victim falls. 245
Unhappy Quadrupede! no more, alas!
Shall thy fond Master with his Voice applaud
Thy Gentleness, thy Speed; or with his Hand
Stroke thy soft dappled Sides, as he each Day
Visits thy Stall, well pleas'd; no more shalt thou
With sprightly Neighings, to the winding Horn,
And the loud op'ning Pack in consort join'd,
Glad his proud Heart. For oh! the secret Wound
Rankling inflames, he bites the Ground and dies.

HENCE to the Village with pernicious Haste 255
Baleful he bends his Course: The Village flies
Alarm'd; the tender Mother in her Arms,
Hugs close the trembling Babe; the Doors are barr'd,
And flying Curs by native Instinct taught,
Shun the contagious Bane; the rustick Bands 260
Hurry to Arms, the rude Militia seize
Whate'er at hand they find; Clubs, Forks, or Guns
From ev'ry Quarter charge the furious Foe,
In wild Disorder, and uncouth Array:
'Till now with Wounds on Wounds oppress'd and
gor'd 265

At one short pois'nous Gasp he breaths his last.

HENCE to the Kennel, Mufe, return, and view,
With heavy Heart that Hospital of Woe;
Where Horror stalks at large, infatiate Death

Sits growling o'er his Prey: Each Hour presents 270

A diff'rent Scene of Ruin and Distress.

How busy art thou, Fate! and how severe

Thy pointed Wrath! the Dying and the Dead

Promiscuous lye; o'er these the Living fight

In one eternal Broil; not conscious why, 275

Nor yet with whom. So Drunkards in their Cups,

Spare not their Friends, while senseless Squabble

reigns.

HUNTSMAN! it much behooves thee to avoid

The perilous Debate! Ah! rouze up all

Thy Vigilance, and tread the treach'rous Ground 280

With careful Step. Thy Fires unquench'd preserve,

As erst the Vestal Flame; the pointed Steel

In the hot Embers hide; and if surpriz'd

Thou feel'st the deadly Bite, quick urge it home

Into the recent Sore, and cauterize

285

The Wound ; spare not thy Flesh, nor dread th'
Event :

Vulcan shall save, when *Aesculapius* fails.

HERE, shou'd the knowing Muse recount the
Means

To stop this growing Plague. And here, alas !
Each Hand presents a sov'reign Cure, and boasts 290
Infallibility, but boasts in vain.

On this depend, each to his sep'rate Seat
Confine, in Fetters bound ; give each his Mess
Apart, his Range in open Air ; and then
If deadly Symptoms to thy Grief appear ; 295
Devote the Wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A gen'rous Victim for the publick Weal.

SING, philosophick Muse, the dire Effects
Of this contagious Bite on hapless Man.

The

The rustick Swains, by long Tradition taught 300

Of Leeches old, as soon as they perceive

The Bite impress'd, to the Sea-Coasts repair.

Plung'd in the briny Flood, th' unhappy Youth

Now journeys home secure; but soon shall wish

The Seas as yet had cover'd him beneath 305

The foaming Surge, full many a Fathom deep.

A Fate more dismal, and superior Ills

Hang o'er his Head devoted. When the Moon

Closing her monthly round, returns again

Toglad the Night; or when full-orb'd she shines 310

High in the Vault of Heav'n; the lurking Pest

Begins the dire Assault. The pois'nous Foam

Thro' the deep Wound instill'd with hostile Rage,

And all its fiery Particles saline,

Invades th' arterial Fluid; whose red Waves 315

Tempestuous heave, and their Cohesion broke,

Fermenting boil; intestine War ensues,

And Order to Confusion turns embroil'd.

Now the distended Vessels scarce contain

The wild Uproar, but pres each weaker Part, 320

Unable to resist : The tender Brain,

And Stomach suffer most ; Convulsions shake

His trembling Nerves, and wand'ring pungent

Pains

Pinch sore the sleepless Wretch; his flutt'ring Pulse

Oft intermits ; pensive, and sad, he mourns 325

His cruel Fate, and to his weeping Friends

Laments in vain ; to hasty Anger prone,

Resents each slight Offence, walks with quick Step,

And wildly stares ; at last with boundless Sway

The Tyrant Frenzy reigns. For as the Dog, 330

(Whose fatal Bite convey'd th' infectious Bane)

Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bates.

Like Agitations in his boiling Blood

Present like Species to his troubled Mind ;

His

V.
Book IV. THE CHACE.

119

His Nature, and his Actions all canine.

335

So as (old *Homer* fung) th' Associates wild
Of wand'ring *Ithacus*, by *Circe's* Charms
To Swine transform'd, ran gruntling thro' the Groves.

Dreadful Example to a wicked World!

See there distress'd he lies! parch'd up with Thirst,
But dares not drink. 'Till now at last his Soul
Trembling escapes, her noisome Dungeon leaves,
And to some purer Region wings away.

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His

ONE Labour yet remains, celestial Maid!

Another Element demands thy Song. 345

No more o'er craggy Steeps, thro' Coverts thick
With pointed Thorn, and Briers intricate,
Urge on with Horn and Voice the painful Pack:
But skim with wanton Wing th' irriguous Vale,
Where winding Streams amid the flow'ry Meads 350
Perpetual glide along; and undermine

The

The cavern'd Banks, by the tenacious Roots
Of hoary Willows arch'd; gloomy Retreat
Of the bright scaly Kind; where they at Will,
On the green wat'ry Reed their Pasture graze, 355
Suck the moist Soil, or slumber at their Ease,
Rock'd by the restless Brook, that draws a slope
Its humid Train, and laves their dark Abodes.
Where rages not Oppression? Where, alas!
Is Innocence secure? Rapine and Spoil 360
Haunt ev'n the lowest Deeps; Seas have their Sharks,
Rivers and Ponds inclos'd, the rav'ous Pike;
He in his Turn becomes a Prey; on him
Th' amphibious Otter feasts. Just is his Fate
Deserv'd: But Tyrants know no Bounds; nor Spears
That bristle on his Back, defend the Perch
From his wide greedy Jaws; nor burnish'd Mail
The yellow Carp; nor all his Arts can save
Th' insinuating Eel, that hides his Head

Beneath

BOOK IV. THE CHACE.

121

Beneath the slimy Mud ; nor yet escapes 370

The crimson-spotted Trout, the River's Pride,
And Beauty of the Stream. Without Remorse,

This midnight Pillager ranging around,

355 Infatiate swallows all. The Owner mourns

Th' unpeopled Rivulet, and gladly hears 375

The Huntsman's early Call, and sees with Joy

The jovial Crew, that march upon its Banks

360 In gay Parade, with bearded Lances arm'd.

arks,
Spears
ail
neath

THIS subtle Spoiler of the Beaver kind,

Far off perhaps, where ancient Alders shade 380

The deep still Pool; within some hollow Trunk

Contrives his wicker Couch : Whence he surveys

His long Purlieu, Lord of the Stream, and all

The finny Shoals his own. But you, brave Youths,

Dispute the Felon's Claim ; try ev'ry Root, 385

And ev'ry reedy Bank ; encourage all

The

The busy-spreading Pack, that fearless plunge
Into the Flood, and cross the rapid Stream.
Bid Rocks, and Caves, and each resounding Shore,
Proclaim your bold Defiance; loudly raise 390
Each clearing Voice, 'till distant Hills repeat
The Triumphs of the Vale. On the soft Sand
See there his Seal impress'd! and on that Bank
Behold the glitt'ring Spoils, half-eaten Fish,
Scales, Fins, and Bones, the Leavings of his Feast.
Ah! on that yielding Sag-bed, see, once more
His Seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy Marsh
The fly Goose-footed Proler bends his Course,
And seeks the distant Shallows. Huntsman, bring
Thy eager Pack; and trail him to his Couch. 400
Hark! the loud Peal begins, the clam'rous Joy,
The gallant Chiding, loads the trembling Air.

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YE Naiads fair, who o'er these Floods preside,
 Raise up your dripping Heads above the Wave,
 And hear our Melody. Th' harmonious Notes 405
 Float with the Stream; and ev'ry winding Creek
 And hollow Rock, that o'er the dimpling Flood
 Nods pendant; still improve from Shore to Shore
 Our sweet reiterated Joys. What Shouts!
 What Clamour loud! What gay heart-chearing
 Sounds

410

Urge thro' the breathing Brass their mazy Way!
 Not Quires of Tritons glad with sprightlier Strains
 The dancing Billows; when proud *Neptune* rides
 In Triumph o'er the Deep. How greedily
 They snuff the fishy Steam, that to each Blade 415
 Rank-scenting clings! See! how the Morning Dews
 They sweep, that from their Feet besprinkling drop
 Dispers'd, and leave a Track oblique behind.

I

Now

Now on firm Land they range ; then in the Flood
They plunge tumultuous ; or thro' reedy Pools 420
Rustling they work their Way : no Holt escapes
Their curious Search. With quick Sensation now
The fuming Vapour stings ; flutter their Hearts,
And Joy redoubled bursts from ev'ry Mouth,
In louder Symphonies. Yon hollow Trunk, 425
That with its hoary Head incurv'd, salutes
The passing Wave ; must be the Tyrant's Fort,
And dread abode. How these impatient climb,
While others at the Root incessant Bay :
They put him down. See, there he dives along ! 430
Th' ascending Bubbles mark his gloomy Way.
Quick fix the Nets, and cut off his Retreat
Into the shelt'ring Deep. Ah, there he vents !
The Pack plunge headlong, and pretended Spears
Menace Destruction. While the troubled Surge 435
Indignant foams, and all the scaly Kind

Affrighted,

Affrighted, hide their Heads. Wild Tumult reigns,
And loud Uproar. Ah, there once more he vents !
See, that bold Hound has seiz'd him; down they
sink,

Together lost: But soon shall he repent 440

His rash Assault. See, there escap'd, he flies
Half drown'd, and clammers up the flipp'ry Bank
With Ouze and Blood distain'd. Of all the Brutes,
Whether by Nature form'd, or by long Use,

This artful Diver best can bear the Want 445
Of vital Air. Unequal is the Fight,

Beneath the whelming Element. Yet there
He lives not long; but Respiration needs
At proper Intervals. Again he vents;
Again the Crowd attack. That Spear has pierc'd 450
His Neck; the crimson Waves confess the Wound.

Fix'd is the bearded Lance, unwelcome Guest,
Where-e'er he flies; with him it sinks beneath,

With him it mounts; sure Guide to ev'ry Foe.

Inly he groans, nor can his tender Wound 455

Bear the cold Stream. Lo! to yon sedgy Bank

He creeps disconsolate; his num'rous Foes

Surround him, Hounds, and Men. Pierc'd thro'
and thro',

On pointed Spears they lift him high in Air;

Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain:

Bid the loud Horns, in gayly-warbling Strains,

Proclaim the Felon's Fate; he dies, he dies.

REJOICE, ye scaly Tribes, and leaping dance

Above the Wave, in Sign of Liberty

Restor'd; the cruel Tyrant is no more. 465

Rejoice secure and blefs'd; did not as yet

Remain, some of your own rapacious Kind;

And Man, fierce Man, with all his various Wiles.

Book IV. THE CHACE. 127

O Happy! if ye knew your happy State,
 Ye Rangers of the Fields; whom Nature boon 470
 Chears with her Smiles, and ev'ry Element
 Conspires to bless. What, if no Heroes frown
 From marble Pedestals; nor *Raphael's* Works,
 Nor *Titian's* lively Tints, adorn our Walls?
 Yet these the meanest of us may behold; 475
 And at another's Cost may feast at Will
 Our wond'ring Eyes; what can the Owner more?
 But vain, alas! is Wealth, not grac'd with Pow'r.
 The flow'ry Landskip, and the gilded Dome,
 And Vistas op'ning to the wearied Eye, 480
 Thro' all his wide Domain; the planted Grove,
 The shrubby Wilderness, with its gay Choir
 Of warbling Birds, can't lull to soft Repose
 Th'ambitious Wretch, whose discontented Soul
 Is harrow'd Day and Night; he mourns, he pines,

Until his Prince's Favour makes him great.

See there he comes, th'exalted Idol comes!

The Circle's form'd, and all his fawning Slaves

Devoutly bow to Earth; from ev'ry Mouth

The nauseous Flatt'ry flows, which he returns 490

With Promises, that die as soon as born.

Vile Intercourse! where Virtue has no Place.

Frown but the Monarch; all his Glories fade;

He mingles with the Throng, outcast, undone,

The Pageant of a Day; without one Friend 495

To sooth his tortur'd Mind; all, all are fled.

For tho' they bask'd in his meridian Ray,

The Insects vanish, as his Beams decline.

NOT such our Friends; for here no dark Design,

No wicked Int'rest bribes the venal Heart; 500

But Inclination to our Bosom leads,

And weds them there for Life; our social Cups
Smile, as we smile; open, and unreferv'd.

We speak our inmost Souls; good Humour, Mirth,
Soft Complaisance, and Wit from Malice free, 505
Smooth ev'ry Brow, and glow on ev'ry Cheek.

490

O Happiness sincere! what Wretch wou'd groan
Beneath the galling Load of Pow'r, or walk
Upon the slipp'ry Pavements of the Great,
Who thus cou'd reign, unenvy'd and secure? 510

495

YE guardian Pow'rs who make Mankind your Care,
Give me to know wise Nature's hidden Depths,
Trace each mysterious Cause, with Judgment read
Th' expanded Volume, and submiss adore
That great creative Will, who at a Word 515
Spoke forth the wond'rous Scene. But if my Soul

Design,

500

And

To

To this gross Clay confin'd, flutters on Earth
With less ambitious Wing; unskill'd to range
From Orb to Orb, where *Newton* leads the Way;
And view with piercing Eyes, the grand Machine,
Worlds above Worlds; subservient to his Voice,
Who veil'd in clouded Majesty, alone
Gives Light to all; bids the great System move,
And changeful Seasons in their Turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himself. Yet this at least 525
Grant me propitious, an inglorious Life,
Calm and serene, nor lost in false Pursuits
Of Wealth or Honours; but enough to raise
My drooping Friends, preventing modest Want,
That dares not ask. And if to crown my Joys, 530
Ye grant me Health, that, ruddy in my Cheeks,
Blooms in my Life's Decline; Fields, Woods, and
Streams,

V.

BOOK IV. THE CHACE.

131

Each tow'ring Hill, each humble Vale below,
Shall hear my clearing Voice, my Hounds shall wake
The lazy Morn, and glad th'Horizon round. 535

525

F I N I S.

530

E R R A T A.

Page 32. Line 3. for HAIR, read HAIL.

and

Each



